

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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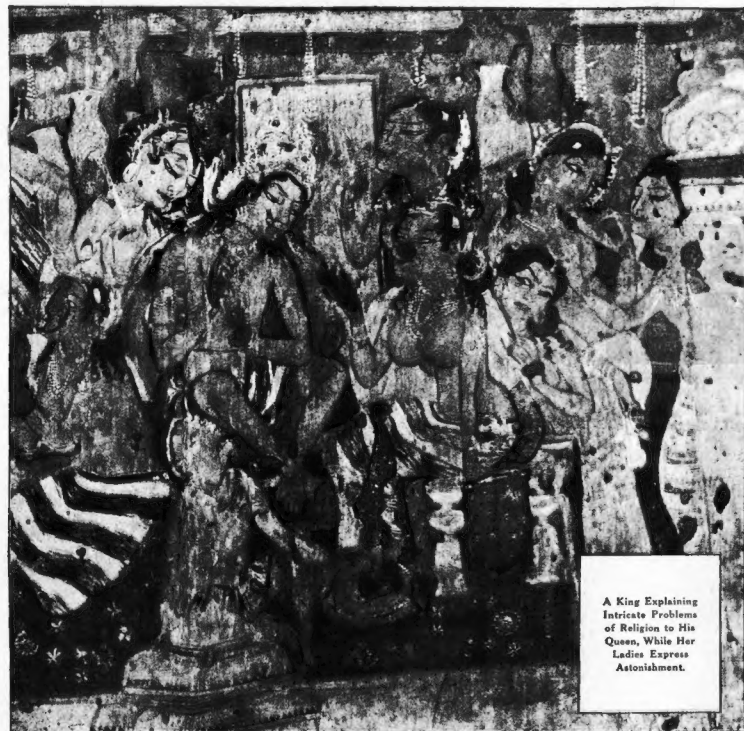


A Fresco at Ajanta Representing King Khosrau of Persia Drinking With His Queen.



Three Scenes, From Right to Left, in Which a Buddhist King Renounces His Dignities and Becomes a Hermit.

Restoring the Priceless Frescoes in India's Cave Monasteries



A King Explaining Intricate Problems of Religion to His Queen, While Her Ladies Express Astonishment.

READERS of the American Weekly will remember a recent double page announcing that the wonderful cave monasteries and chapels hewn in the living rock in the mountainside at Ajanta, in Hyderabad, India, were to be preserved and perpetuated for all time. The Nizam (ruling prince) of Hyderabad, one of the richest men in the world, has issued the command that these marvels of the ancient world shall henceforth be a portion of an international park for the benefit of all mankind.

In response to many letters from interested readers asking that some of the frescoes and paintings be reproduced in their original colors, this page is printed today. Art experts are now engaged in repairing and restoring these marvelous wall paintings, and a complete set of colored reproductions is being made, all at the expense of the Nizam.

As explained in the previous article, the caves of Ajanta are about thirty in number, and are carved out of the living rock on the mountainside, at the foot of which the River Wagura flows near the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains. The carvings and the frescoes were the work of Buddhist monks, who lived there from about 200 years B. C. until 600 A. D.

These paintings, even in their present damaged condition, present a bewildering and fascinating mass of color. In most cases they depict adventures in the lives of distinguished persons in the early history of Buddhism, by which they developed into perfect Buddhas, for there are many besides the original Buddha. These adventures are known as "jatakas," or "life stories." The saintly characters, usually kings, are shown suffering all kinds of trials, striving to convert their wives to a better life, changing into snakes and other despised animals and finally achieving the perfect state.

One of the most remarkable paintings is a colossal Bodhisattva—that is to say, a figure of the Buddha with the various stages by which he has reached perfection depicted in his right hand, symbol of the perfect truth, and wears a look of indescribable wisdom.

The character of the art in these pictures is surprising to European experts. These Buddhist artists show an ability to paint men and women, animals, trees and scenery in a very natural and realistic manner. They paint the human flesh with much solidity, and the colors are declared admirable by art critics. It is interesting to notice that queens and ladies of rank wear a gauze so transparent that only an expert can discover it, while common women wear substantial stuff.

Apparently women had attained a considerable degree of independence and cultivation at this early period. The freedom enjoyed by them is one of the best tests of the progress of a race on the path of civilization. In the land where they are allowed to display their natural charms in an effective manner prosperity and happiness are usually prevalent. The repression of woman has held back many Asiatic countries in modern times, but Hyderabad was more enlightened before the Christian era.

The pictures at Ajanta are in a different style from all other Hindu and Asiatic paintings, which while often beautiful and interesting, are always more or less conventional and unnatural. Critics find a surprising resemblance between the Ajanta pictures and the work of the Italian Renaissance. Apparently a high and true style of art arose in these remote Indian caves even earlier than in Italy and then died out completely. This is one of the most puzzling mysteries in the history of civilization.



Great Fresco Illustrating an Adventure in Which Buddha Changed Into a Serpent, Was Pierced With a Stake and Rescued by a Pious Landowner.



Head of the Colossal Buddha in the Caves of Ajanta, Pronounced the Most Perfect Example of Indian Painting at This Strange Art Museum.

Putting Real Comfort in Ocean Bathing



At the Top Is the Photograph of a Fair Bathing. Try Out a Floating Sofa Made of Rubber and Inflated. It Has Already Gained Popularity on the Pacific Coast.

At the Right—Atlantic City's Recent Contribution to Bathing—Comfort—a Sea-Matress That Looks Just Like a Mattress, and Which Provides a Real Use for the Phrase, "Floated in the Cradle of the Deep."



U. S. A. - PHOTO

SOME people like their hours beside the sea to be filled with physical activity ranging from running over the smooth sand to strenuous calisthenics and gymnastics. Others prefer to be lazy when they commune with the mad sea waves. For such folk various devices intended to make the beach a more comfortable place have been invented. These aids

to comfort include the common beach chair and the big-topped beach umbrella. And nowadays they comprise what might be called the sea-going divan—an air-filled mattress on which the rest-reeker may float peacefully over the swell while he, or she, acquires a coat of tan.

The floating divan probably will develop many forms, but so far it is to be had in two types—a small model, like the one on which the young woman in the circle is reclining while she regards herself in a mirror and combs her hair, or a raft-like model which is long enough and broad enough to accommodate two or three people.

Many vacationists who like the sand and the salt water are not gregarious. They like to get off by themselves, which is impossible at some of the more popular seaside resorts. The floating divan should be popular with them, because it can be pushed far from shore, beyond the crowds shouting and jumping in the surf. The owner can then climb aboard the thing and drift lazily on the surface.

A pneumatic couch, such as the smaller one shown at the left, makes a small bundle when it is deflated. Rolled up, the sea-going divan can be packed in a suitcase, or a week-end bag. It takes but a moment or two to blow the thing up again.

The new devices for putting real comfort into seaside life are of practically no use as diving floats. They are so light that it is difficult to stand up on them and even more difficult to manage a dive from them. The backward thrust of the diver's feet sends the floating divan skidding over the surface, in the opposite direction from that in which the diver wants to go. If he, or she, does not end up by bouncing off an edge of the unstable craft, the best that can be hoped for is an ungraceful "tummy-whopper."

Would You Work If— You Had a Rich Husband?

BERLIN. BEFORE Dr. Ludwig Duisberg, the millionaire German industrialist, married the pretty young woman who bears his distinguished name, he promised her that she might, if she chose, divide her time between playing the fashionable matron and in "being herself" as an actress. She is said to have exacted this promise before she would become the mistress of several estates, and the owner of one of the largest drawing accounts in Europe.

Frau Duisberg is what certain commentators on the American scene would call "ruggedly individualistic." She gets a kick out of being self-supporting and in exercising her intelligence and her energy in the making of money. Right now she has a contract with a motion picture producer who pays her a salary that many a bank president would be happy to work for. She pays all her personal expenses out of this income and manages to put a goodly portion of it aside for the rainy day which no one can imagine coming in her life.

Her rich husband may think that this spirit of independence on the part of his comely young wife is a bit silly, inasmuch as he has more money than both of them can spend. But he doesn't say so and humors the whim with more grace than would be expected of a proud Teuton square.

When Frau Duisberg has a little time off from her work at the cinema studios she spends them in one or the other of her homes and plays hostess to the elite of the country. She enjoys the role of well-to-do matron quite as much as the parts she plays for the delight of the country's theatregoers, but she thinks it would be a boring business to do nothing but loaf, however luxuriously. It is her firm belief that every intelligent adult who can do so should be self-supporting.



CENTRAL NEWS - PHOTO

Frau Ludwig Duisberg, of Berlin, Germany, Who Earns Her Living by Playing Motion Picture Roles, and Who Insists on Budgeting Her Own Expenses in Preference to Accepting Money From Her Husband, Who Is a Millionaire.

Carries Amusements Under the Sea

EVERYONE has read of the wonders to be seen at the bottom of the sea, and now, thanks to an ambitious and ingenious inventor, these marvels of marine life can be viewed plainly, safely and in comfort.

The photograph at the right shows the device which makes sightseeing trips to the ocean bottom possible and pleasant. It is a watertight tank, equipped with thick windows of plate glass, a pair of powerful searchlights to illuminate the dark, watery depths, a telephone and an oxygen tank to supply fresh air to passengers.

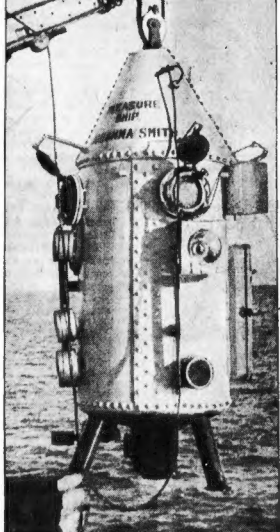
This sightseeing cubicle is swung from a beam extending over the deck of a barge anchored 10 miles off the coast of Long Beach, California. The water beneath the keel of the barge is some 200 feet deep and is teeming with vegetable and animal life curious to behold.

The seagoing sightseer enters the steel cylinder through a watertight door, which is securely closed before the signal is given to lower the cylinder into the water. Down, down the passenger is lowered, until the three sturdy legs on the chamber rest on the bottom. Then the powerful searchlights are turned on and the thrillseeker peers through the portholes to look upon a strange parade of swimming things, ranging from schools of fish as small as minnows to sharks that look as big as submarines.

Hundreds of people who have craved deep-sea divers trips to the world beneath the waves have made trips in the interesting device and have seen, first-hand, what goes on in the Kingdom of Neptune. The sea creatures off the California coast have been most co-operative with the owners of the tank and with those who have descended in the device, for instead of being frightened by the beams of the searchlights, they have been attracted by the light and have put on a great show.

Some people are a little frightened at the idea of going down 200 feet into the ocean, and they have to be assured that there is no danger of being marooned in Davy Jones' locker. The captain of the barge usually finds it easy to dispel their misgivings by explaining that the cylinder is made of a heavy steel plate, capable of resisting pressure much greater than that exerted at a depth of 200 feet, that the air pressure inside the vehicle is the same as that in the open at sea level, even if the cable to which it is attached should break.

When business is brisk, the invention that extends the field of amusement down into the sea where the sunlight never penetrates, makes four trips an hour, carrying as many as four passengers and an attendant every trip.



Long Beach, California, Is Making an Extraordinary Bid for Patronage With This Strange Device, Which Is a Steel Compartment, Fitted to Take Passengers to the Floor of the Ocean for a View of the Submarine Wonders to Be Found There.



One of the Firemen of the Community, Whose Size Is That of a 6-Year-Old Child. The Diminutive Fire Fighter Is Showing a Normal-Sized Man Around the Village.

A Real Land of Lilliputians

GERMANY boasts a community appropriately dubbed Lilliput because it is so much like a real-life version of the legendary country described in Dean Swift's "Gulliver's Travels." This is a town made to order for midgets. Its citizens are, to be sure, a little bigger than the 6-inch pigmies with which Swift populated his mythical country, but all of them are dwarfs less than half the size of physically normal human beings.

The Mayor, a fellow tipping the scales at less than 40 pounds, has his offices in a toy town hall, the door of which is too small for an average-sized person to pass through. Across the front of the building is a balcony from which his honor, from time to time, addresses his tiny constituents.

The church in which the living Lilliputians worship, where they are married and from which they are buried, is built on the same small scale.

All the private homes in the village are what might be called pint-size, although they are architecturally beautiful and completely equipped. These homes are furnished with beds, chairs, divans, tables too small to be of any use to normal persons, but just right for the hundred or more adults and children who make up the interesting community.

Germany's Lilliput was started several years ago as a sort of retiring place for dwarfs appearing on the German stage and in traveling circuses. It is hardly correct to say that the community was a stunt, intended to help ballyhoo the dwarfs and their entertainment value, because there was a real need for some such place where these small-size individuals could live comfortably, among their own fellows and in a setting made to their abbreviated measure.

Before long the fame of the small town had spread all over Europe and dwarfs from other countries came to

the place to establish residence. Not all of these people were entertainers. The average height of the people who live in Lilliput is 36 inches. Many of the citizens are less than three feet tall and the "giants" of the community are about four feet high. With the co-operation of certain up-and-coming manufacturers and merchants the dwarfs are able to buy ready-made clothes and household equipment. Because of the difficulty of making such articles, and because of the comparatively small demand for "toy" suits and furniture, the little people have to pay as much for their necessities as their full-sized neighbors.



There Are Here Old and Young Among the Midgets. The Lady on the Left Is 60 Years Old, and the Young Man On the Right Is 19.



The Mayor of Lilliput Town Addressing the Citizens of the Community From a Miniature Balcony.



There's a Church in Town and It Is Serving the Followers of Seven Religions. The Photograph Shows a Wedding Procession.

Rich Old Mrs. Baker and the Eccentric Things She Did and Said, and the Freak Things She Accumulated for Her Residence, but Not Quite Crazy Enough to Upset Her \$3,000,000 Present to a Young Lawyer She Admired, the Courts Decided

Mrs. Baker's Count-Oaks," Rosemont, here Her Running About \$100,000 a Year Bill Alone 10,000.

3

Boils Water, Runs Toy Trains, By Will Power?

Major Raymond Phillips
Testing His Psychometer, by Which He Claims He Can Set Electrical Machinery Into Motion.



WEARING a headgear that makes him look something like the popular conception of a resident of Mars, or a human bug, Major Raymond Phillips, noted British physicist and experimenter, stands before an involved electrical apparatus of coils, amplifiers, condensers and wires, and appears to perform various minor miracles.

By concentrating his mind on the job and making a few passes in the air with his hands, the major causes small electric trains to start and roll about a track. He makes electric bells ring by the same interesting method, and opens and closes doors without touching these things with his hands.

The Artificial Antenna Which the Major Uses Is Not Unlike That of Certain Insects, Such as the Cockroach. Observation Indicates That Insects Use Such Natural Antenna to Communicate With Each Other.

(Above) Demonstrating the Body Capacity Control of Power by Which Small Trains Are Started and Stopped.

And to top off his repertoire, he brings his mentality to bear on a kettle of water set on an electric stove and, presently, sets the water to boiling. "These things happen," the Major explains, "because of electrical emanations from my body which have the power to close the circuits of the devices which I have in my laboratory. The closing of the circuits by the radiation of electricity from the body is not at all supernatural and I have demonstrated no new principle in calling this phase of my experiments to the attention of scientists and the general public. But I have gone a little beyond simple problems in electricity."

This "going beyond" is what the British scientist attributes to will power. When he concentrates his mind on starting trains, ringing bells or boiling water, the tiny cars travel faster, the bells ring louder and the water boils more quickly. Eventually, he



Major Phillips and His Control Apparatus, of Which His Body, Serving as a Capacity Substance, Is an Integral Unit.

says, he will work out some sort of apparatus with which he will be able to perform such interesting stunts by the force of will power alone.

Certain of the major's fellow experimenters scoff at this prediction and believe that he is doing nothing more remarkable than producing a disturbance in an ordinary radio set by means of animal magnetism, but he insists that he will, some day, prove his theories by building machines which will enable people to open

and close doors, turn on taps in bathrooms and perform many small tasks merely by "wishing" these jobs done.

Major Phillips, noted British physicist and experimenter, stands before an involved electrical apparatus of coils, amplifiers, condensers and wires, and appears to perform various minor miracles.

An American Woman's Hat of 800 Years Ago

LONG before the day Columbus sighted the shores of the Western Hemisphere American women were giving thought to their hats and setting a mode which has been in vogue for 800 years, more or less.

Spring and Fall, the fastidious and cultured feminine members of the Incan race appeared on the paved streets of their Peruvian cities decked out in the kind of hat perched on the head of the pretty modern miss shown in the photograph at the right.

The odd-looking chapau has the appearance of a shallow bowl set a bit askew, so that it tips slightly over the right eye. It is circular in shape and is decorated with a typical In-

can design, the same sort of decorative pattern which is frequently seen on blankets and pottery made by the descendants of the Indians who suffered

so much at the adventurous and ambitious hands of the Spanish Conquistadores.

Great-great-grandmothers among

Why Simplest Photo Won the Prize

WHEN Photographer Erno Vadas entered the camera study reproduced below in the annual London Salon of Photography he knew he had a good picture of angles and shadows, plus a note of human interest, but he did not imagine that he had a prize-winning "symbolical portrait."

That's what the judges called it and that's what fully 90 per cent of the visitors to the exhibition proclaimed it.

What Mr. Vadas thought was an excellent simple picture impressed the

experts charged with selecting the winning entries as being "the story of human struggle and achievement presented in a touching, direct and dramatic manner."

The youngster toiling up the broad and towering steps transformed what otherwise would have been a somewhat modernistic study in geometric pattern into a striking commentary on the never-ending battle of man to rise above the physical, mental and spiritual difficulties of earthly existence.

the Indian residents of Peru, wore hats like this and they recall that their grandmothers and great-grandmothers sported such headgear before them. There is little question that the style is the same as that instituted nobody knows how many centuries ago.

If the saucer-like lid seems a little silly to modern American women, it must be remembered that the chief function of a hat in Peru is to protect the wearer from the torrid rays of the sun, for which this style is as admirably suited today as it was centuries ago.



Miss Peggy Sweeney, Daughter of the Famous Traveler, Wearing an Incan Hat, a Creation That Was Fashionable Among the American Primitives Long Before the White Man Came to the Western Hemisphere.

Mak, a Prize Beauty of the Ouled Naïls Tribe of Algeria, Where Women Are More Human Façons Until They Marry. Afterward They Are Highly Respected.

Where Marriage Puts an End to Slavery

IN most civilized countries, thanks to the progress of the equality for women movement, girls are more or less free agents until they take a husband and then they supposedly settle down to a sort of "slavery" made up of domestic and marital responsibility. But among the dusky debutantes of the Ouled Naïls tribe in Algeria this social system seems to be reversed.

From the age of 13, until someone comes along and marries the girl, a feminine member of the tribe is forced to pattern her behavior according to an ancient tribal custom which, to Europeans or Americans, seems more than a little shameful and unfair. She must accept the attentions of the gay young blades of the village, whether she likes it or not, and he nice to them so long as she is single. She is virtually their slave until an admiring male comes along and offers her the protection of wedlock. From the moment she is betrothed, the bride-to-be is, in a manner of speaking, released from bondage; she can reject the attentions of her multiple admirers and settle down to a life of respectable home-making and family-raising.

The young Algerian belle shown in the photograph has just been led to the altar by one of the more prosperous members of her tribe. The array of baubles and trinkets she is wearing comprises her dowry from her spouse and is a visible proof of her new position in the life of the tribe.

The fact that she has this finery is no assurance, however, that she will remain a respected matron. For her husband can divorce her easily for any one of several reasons and take his dowry back again to bestow upon some other woman who pleases his fancy.



"A Difficult Task" Is the Title of This Photograph by Erno Vadas, Which Won a Prize in the London Salon of Photography. Where It Attracted Much Interest in a Recent Exhibition. There Is a Subtle Symbolism in It—the Little Child, Bravely but Laboriously Struggling to the Top of a Huge Mass of Stone, Representing the Climb of Civilization.

Solving a Mystery of the Worrisome Moth

TO American housewives the clothes moth is, in one respect, a mystery. The destructive pests are seen flying about in dwellings during all months of the year, and the puzzle is to know where they come from when it seems that every possible source of breeding has been cleaned thoroughly.

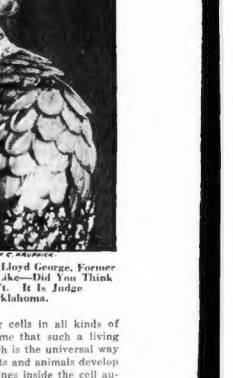
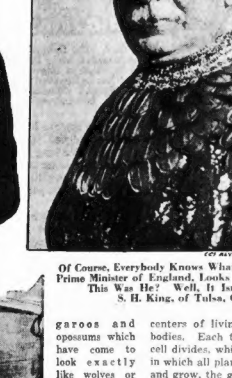
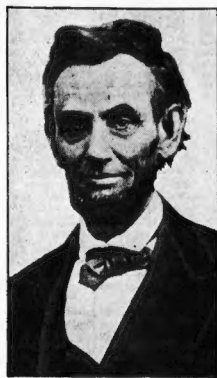
It recently has been discovered that the source of moth supply is likely to be where one would least expect to find the insects—in the tin shafts of hot-air furnaces in the basements of houses. The discovery was made through accident. In a certain dwelling at Vancouver, B. C., some small things of value had been dropped into the grills of the cold-air shaft of a furnace. To recover them, it was necessary to open up the rectangular tin shafts in several places in the basement.

Whenever a vertical shaft joined a horizontal portion leading to the furnace, there was found a deposit resembling soft felt, stretching for some distance along the pipes. Much of this felt pad seemed to consist of woolen fluff, and inside it were found many clothes moth grubs and the dead bodies of many generations of moths. All the pipes in the basement contained this stuff, and all had a population of moth larvae.

One pipe, from which all rubbish was removed, was reserved for an experiment to see how soon the felt pad could be made to reform, and how soon it would become reinfested. So, on every available opportunity, the room to which this pipe led was swept and the dust from the floor and rug pushed down the flat grating in a corner, instead of being gathered up in a dustpan. After four months the pipe was examined again, and it was found that already there was a sufficient deposit of the woolly stuff to attract moths and to cause the felt pad to become infested with moth larvae. A surprising amount of dust occurred in the deposit, compared to the dust.

Who Are Strangers May Look "Alike as Two peas"

Science Explains the Puzzling Mystery of "Doubles," People Who Are Not Related in Any Way but Who Resemble Each Other as Closely as Twins



Which Is the Photograph of the Real Lincoln? An Extraordinary Example of Nature's "Doubles." Lincoln is at the Left. At the Right is Edward Carrell, Former Restaurant Owner in Lawrenceville, Ill.

The Late James J. McCabe, District Superintendent of New York City Schools, Who Was Frequently Mistaken for President Wilson—And Was in No Way Related to Him.

The Late Kaiser Franz Joseph of Austria, Beside Him, Herr Franz Finster, a Hat Maker of Vienna, Who Often Received Royal Salutes Because of His Resemblance to His Royal Master.

Of Course, Everybody Knows What Lloyd George, Former Prime Minister of England, Looks Like—Did You Think This Was He? Well, It Isn't. It Is Judge S. H. King, of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

At First Glance, More Than Likely, You Took This to Be Rudy Vallee. But It Is Not That Talented Crooner at All. It Is James Madison, of Chicago, Who Is Often Mistaken for the Real Rudy by Impressionable Young Girls Who Meet Him on the Street.

SCIENCE has long been puzzled by nature's habit of creating human "doubles"—that is, persons who are in no way related but who so closely resemble each other that they are "as alike as two peas," as the old saying goes.

Recently, however, Dr. Herbert Friedmann, curator of birds at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, discovered some facts which throw considerable light upon the mystery. It is known that the figures of human beings are built up by a number of little cell-artists called "genes." These exist in all the cells that make up our bodies and are so small that they can be seen only by the most powerful microscopes. These genes are limited in number. They may be compared to the limited number of pieces of colored glass in an old-fashioned kaleidoscope. Sooner or later the pieces of glass repeat a pattern that has gone before. Because they are limited in number, they do this much more frequently than if they were not. Dr. Friedmann is of the opinion that the genes in cells of the human body do the same thing, and so there sometimes appear, perhaps even at opposite ends of the earth, two human beings exactly or almost exactly alike.

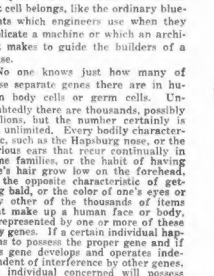
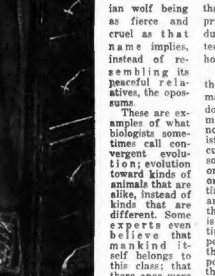
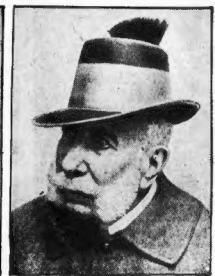
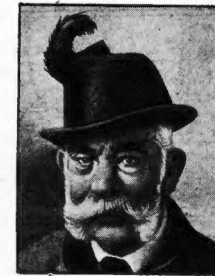
Countless comedies, dramas and tragedies have been caused by this habit of nature in turning out doubles: comedies of errors, tragedies of jealousy, disputed fatherhood, and so on. Imposters and blacksmiths have used the fact to their own advantage. Impersonations of well-known people by actors on the stage are rarely convincing. But Nature does it without make-up, grease-paint, wigs and other paraphernalia—and her products are convincing.

There was, for example, a hat-maker in Vienna during the time of the late Emperor Franz Joseph who so closely resembled the ruler that often he was given the royal salute by those who mistook him. It got to be a great joke in Austria, and tyrannical old Franz Joseph didn't like it, but he could not, as Louis XIV of France did under similar circumstances, have an iron mask made to hide the hat-maker's face and then hide him away in a dungeon.

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, lives Judge S. H. King, who is the "living image" of Lloyd George, former Prime Minister of England. If the two of them stood side by side even an Englishman would find it difficult to pick out which was which if they have no ancestors in common, so far as Judge King knows.

Then who would have thought that there could be another Rudy Vallee, whose crooning makes the hearts of so many maidens and even matrons beat faster when his voice oozes out of the radio? But in Chicago lives James Madison, who at first glance, and even at some second ones, is Rudy all over again. Of course, close scrutiny reveals some differences, but Mr. Madison has nevertheless received many shy and ardent glances from girls in his car and then from girls who seeing him out walking mistook him for Mr. Vallee. Mr. Madison plays the saxophone and can even croon through the microphone in a voice not hard to mistake for Rudy's.

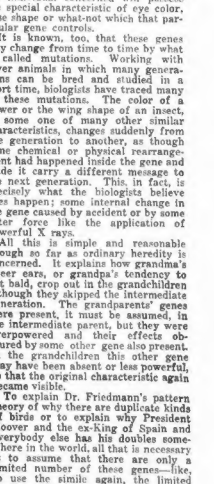
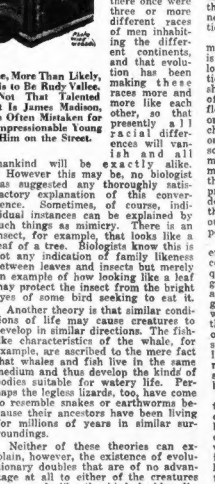
Edward Carrell kept a restaurant in Lawrenceville, Ill. Those mischievous little genes had cast him in the mold of President Lincoln. As he grew older, the physical resemblance grew greater. Now Mr. Carrell has given up his cafe business and tours the



Interesting Example of "Doubles" From Across the Sea—The Late Kaiser Franz Joseph of Austria, Beside Him, Herr Franz Finster, a Hat Maker of Vienna, Who Often Received Royal Salutes Because of His Resemblance to His Royal Master.

Country showing school children and others "How Lincoln Really Looked." Somewhat aged but still sprightly Mistinguett, the French actress, known best to America because she had her legs insured for \$100,000, was made much unhappier by one of these doubles. She had a quarrel with a Paris music-hall manager. The manager had imagination and knew something about doubles. After a careful search, he found a woman who not only looked enough like Mistinguett to be her twin sister, but actually had quite pretty legs and as good a voice. So the manager billed her as "Mistinguett," and all Paris came to see her and to laugh. Mistinguett was furious, but could do nothing, and after awhile, as the novelty faded, "Mistinguett" went back to obscurity.

Still more striking duplications occur of some single feature, such as the famous face and nose of the Hapsburg family among European royalty; a face familiar nowadays as that of the recently deposed King of Spain. Almost every member of the Hapsburg family has one or more features of this striking countenance; but that is not all of it. Precisely the same features appear now and then in individuals not even remotely related to the Hapsburgs and for whom any suspicion of illegitimate Hapsburg ancestry also is absurd.



On the Left Is Sprightly, Though Somewhat Aged, Mistinguett, of Paris, and at the Right "Mistinguett," Who Appeared, Acted and Even Had the Same Kind of Voice as the Actress She Impersonated and Amused.

Another example among birds is the habit of mimicking other birds, as is done by the American mockingbird. No evolutionist can see good reason why this habit should be an advantage to the bird that practices it, any more than ability as a mimic or a ventriloquist is sure to make a human being happy or successful. Yet every continent and many bird families possess varieties of birds that have this mocking ability.

There are lizards, closely related to the swift-running salamanders, which have lost all signs of legs and have become like snakes. Others have come to resemble earthworms. In Australia there are close relatives of the kangaroos and opossums which have come to look exactly like voles or mice; and to act like them, too. These are examples of what biologists sometimes call convergent evolution; evolution toward kinds of animals that are alike, instead of divergent evolution, which is evolution away from kinds that are alike, toward kinds that are different. Some experts even believe that mankind itself belongs to this class; that there once were different races of men inhabiting the different continents, and that evolution has been making these races more and more like each other, so that presently a 13-year-old boy in Chicago, who is often mistaken for the real Rudy by impressionable young girls who meet him on the street, is just as thousands of pairs of human beings of the same kind can be traced. Another African bird, a variety of cuckoo, possesses a song almost identical with the familiar call of the American whippoorwill. Among human beings totally unrelated to each other, a entire race of people, to each other, often possess such similar voices that even their friends and families are deceived.

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The babies were related by Tate Wilkinson in 1790:

"Mr. John Wesley speaking in the field at Leeds, gave an account of him who was informing us that when he was a Collier he had been employed to dig the devil's pots (or cards) and said that every Saturday he was one of a constant party at Whist, but the law forbade part of his time there, he became a schoolmaster, and was enabled to hold communication with Him. He recounted, he said, the last Saturday he ever played at cards, the rubber was over, he was longer than he expected, and pulling out of his pocket when he came home, he found it was the expense of the past night, which was beyond the time he had appointed to meet, that he was disappointed, and that he was certainly tempted him to stay beyond his house, he therefore suddenly got up to finish the game, and went to the place appointed for the devil's pots, and there he saw the devil's pots again. That resolution he had never broken."

Public houses were forbidden in England during the reign of Henry IV because every one of the King's subjects was required to be sober, and sixty was required to practice

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Put Out of the House He Bought and Paid For

Old Mr. Diehl Thought He Had Assured Himself a Happy Home for His Declining Years and Wakes Up to a Surprise



Mr. Carl W. Batty and His Wife, Bessie Batty, With Whom Old Mr. Diehl Expected to Make His Home the Rest of His Days. He Bought and Paid for an Attractive House in New Rochelle, N. Y., and Then Denied the Property to Mrs. Batty, Who Finally Ordered Him Off the Premises.

"PLEASE be advised that your stay as a guest in my household at the above address is no longer welcome and you are hereby notified and requested to stay away from the said premises at all times... Very truly yours,

"BESSIE D. BATTY,"
Mr. George H. Diehl had no suspicion that the above bad news was awaiting his homecoming. Why should he? "Virtue is its own reward," or so Mr. Diehl had been told in his youth and he had acted on that precept all his 63 years, carefully shunning all possible entanglements with the fair sex, even the lawful one of marriage.

Now, as he walked up to the entrance of his pretty \$37,000 home, in an attractive section of New Rochelle, N. Y., he was happily conscious of what a serene old age his virtuous restraint had brought him—no alimony, no complaining wife, no wild-eyed children dashing around in automobiles.

It was an August evening and raining, but bright lights within shone cooily through amber-colored curtains—the feminine touch on necessary in a bachelor's home. Of course he had paid for the curtains and a lot of other "touches" and found that the feminine one is costly. But what of it? Mrs. Batty was such an angel to take care of a lonely old man.

Happy Mr. Diehl pulled out his key, but the front door was open and the screen door hooked from within, making it necessary to ring the bell. Footsteps sounded in response but they were a bit too heavy for an angel. Sure enough the form that darkened the mellow light, streaming through the screen door, was that of Mrs. Batty's husband, Mr. Carl W. Batty, whose face seemed set and his voice stern as he opened the door but barred the way.

"Read that," ordered Mr. Batty offering a letter. The old man adjusted his glasses and read the bad news in stunned silence while the rain fell

on him as it always does on the just as well as the unjust unless they are smart enough to go into the house. "Her household," he muttered to himself, "why, I bought and paid for this house. It is my household."

Then he remembered that at Mrs. Batty's suggestion, in order to prevent any complications at his death, he had deeded the house to her. So, legally, it was hers and probably she could throw him out of the home he had understood she was to provide for him till the end of his days.

Mr. Diehl, roused from his unpleasant reverie by hearing the screen door closed and hooked, managed to gasp:

"Does this mean tonight?"

"Yes, sir! It means right now," was the answer.

"But my clothes and things—what about them?" faltered the old man.

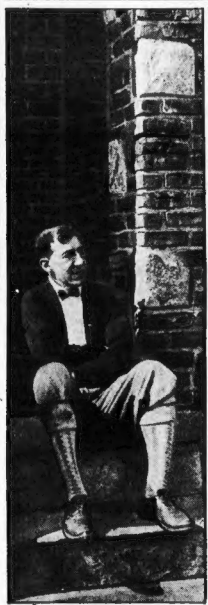
"Read the letter," the voice commanded and Mr. Diehl, obeying, saw that in his first shock he had ignored a sentence. It read:

"If you will furnish me in writing with a list of your personal property, now in the house, the articles will—if that list be found correct—be forwarded by me, at your risk, to whatever address you may designate."

If a giant foot had reached out and kicked him out into the night Mr. Diehl would have been scarcely more surprised.

It was nearly 11 p. m., Mr. Diehl was getting wet, and there seemed only one thing to do. As he turned forlornly away to find some other place to live, another ancient precept that he had heard in his youth and forgotten, now popped up in his memory.

"There is no fool like an old fool." Could this possibly apply to him? He had been a successful business man, retiring with a comfortable little fortune. No fool could do that. But the chilling thought came that most of it didn't seem to be his any more. It certainly was puzzling. He had been so virtuous and read the bad news in stunned silence while the rain fell



Mr. George H. Diehl on the Steps of the House in Tremor Drive, New Rochelle, Which He Thought Would Be His Home as Long as He Lived.

despair of his women friends, and yet here he was suddenly all tangled up with a woman whom he had never even kissed. Had he been a rake and rove all that time would things now be any worse? Was this the reward of virtue? As a child he had written in his copybook:

"Be good and you'll be happy."

He had been good, but now he was not happy.

In the morning Mr. Diehl presented his problems to an attorney who knew the answer. He said one way to be happy is to have all understandings and agreements set down in due legal form, signed, sealed and delivered by a competent lawyer. These verbal "gentleman's agreements" were no good and a "lady-and-gentleman" agreement was something awful. Now he would have to tell his sad story to a judge.

That story, in affidavit form, filed in the White Plains Supreme Court, goes back to 1921 when the barred-out Mr. Diehl first met the Batts in New York. For many months, he spent much time at their little Lenox Avenue apartment. This he did because he liked them very much, especially pretty young Mrs. Batty, who was so sweet, understanding and considerate that he almost wished he had taken a chance in his youth and perhaps had a daughter like her.

At that time he thought himself suffering from cancer of the stomach and had only a year or so to live. But with the skillfully prepared meals at the Batty apartment, it turned out to be only a stomach ulcer which soon

Another Photograph of Mrs. Bessie Batty, Who Is Now Being Sued by Mr. Diehl to Prevent Her From Disposing of the Home He Bought, or Denying Him the Right to Live in It.

healed up. No wonder he considered the lady an angel. Mr. Batty being a mere man could not be quite as delightful, but their welcome was as cordial as that of a dutiful son and daughter to a long-lost, rich father.

After his father's death in 1924 and his own retirement from active business it occurred to Mr. Diehl to contribute something to the Batty establishment and, of his own volition, he set the figure at about \$150 a month. It may be, of course, that his recollection of this detail is off a bit, because the Batts emphatically denied that he ever contributed any such amount to the upkeep of their menage. And their able attorney, Sol Rubin, insists that there never was any "gentleman's agreement" about sharing expenses. If Mr. Diehl seems to have played Santa Claus, it was his own idea. "The plaintiff imposed this situation," says Rubin, "and when he finds he cannot dominate my clients and their household, he subjects them to the humiliation of publicly tried litigation."

In 1926, Mr. Diehl agreed to pool their expenses and all live under the same roof. The old gentleman was spending about \$310 a month on his bachelor apartment, which with the Batts' expenses, he was giving the Batts, made an overhead of \$460—nearly \$125 a week. This added to what the Batts were paying on their own account, would make a sum on which they could all live happily in a fine country home, which Mrs. Batty would gladly run for them.

Mr. Diehl did not see how he could lose on that proposition, and embraced it, which he now sees was as risky as embracing some of the ladies he had consistently avoided. Real estate agents in Larchmont and New Rochelle showed them houses, but the only suitable ones seemed never to be for rent, only for sale. Well, he could fix that and he did, in September, 1926, by buying the house at 64 Tremor Drive, New Rochelle, which he now has nothing left but a front door key that no longer fits. The

Returning Home to the House He Had Purchased and Expected to Live In for the Rest of His Days, He Found the Door Closed to Him, and Upon Trying to Get in Was Handled a Letter, Which Read: "You are hereby notified and requested to stay away from the said premises at all times."

If a Giant Foot Had Reached Out and Kicked Him Out into the Night, Mr. Diehl Would Have Been Scarcely More Surprised.

price was \$37,125. He paid \$14,125 in cash and covered the rest with a mortgage, he avers.

Mr. Diehl now recalls very definitely that it was Mrs. Batty who first suggested that he buy a country place in which they all could live, but the Batts in their affidavit are quite certain that the Diehl household was Diehl's idea, and that they did not know that he had bought this house until he proudly informed them that he had made a \$500 deposit on it.

It also seemed a good idea to inform Mrs. Batty that he had paid for the establishment was awarded a bedroom and private den on the second floor where he expected to live happily ever afterward. But finally, in 1928, two years and two months after the communistic experiment started, the old man went over his bank account and became alarmed. At a family conference, his complaint states, he pointed out that somehow he had spent \$15,907 for that household, which was about \$4,000 more than the agreed \$10,000 per month. On top of this, he had dug out his savings for \$700 more, for additions and improvements.

To these statistics Mr. Batty and his wife seemed utterly indifferent, he alleges, though Mr. Diehl had "improved" him to the extent of paying \$1,000 for Batty's membership in the Winged Foot Golf Club, of Mamaroneck. Reluctantly, Mr. Diehl made the suggestion that perhaps someone was extravagant somewhere.

At this, he says, there was a domestic explosion and Mrs. Batty resigned as mistress of the household and advised him to get a married sister to take over the job. This Diehl accepted, on condition that she deed back the house to him, and he alleges Mrs. Batty agreed. But the next time the two men came home, Mrs. Batty had flown, taking with her two varieties of furniture, but forgetting to give him back his house. Mr. Batty, alleges Mr. Diehl, seemed to be as much surprised as the other man at this disappearance, and for several months the two men lived together peaceably.

Then Mr. Batty also went away, and Diehl lived on, in bachelor serenity for a fortnight, improving the time by starting a suit to recover the title Mrs. Batty had forgotten to return. In March of 1929, Mr. Diehl ran into Mrs. Batty, on the Winged Foot links. She was angelic as ever. He says she told him that it was all a mistake. She and her husband would be all right if that suit was called off.

Mr. Batty declares that the first reconciliation move was made by Diehl and that it was at the old man's insistent pleading that the joint household was re-established. It was, but somehow, the expense seemed to fall as heavily as ever on the Diehl checkbook. Late in 1931, there was another family budget conference and more promises, under which the household struggled along until late in 1932, when, suddenly, Batty informed Diehl that he would be served no more meals in that house. Mr. Diehl ate out and in silence, because one does not quarrel with an angel and he hoped, that her heart would soften. Instead, that her crushing letter, notifying the guest that he was no longer welcome in "her" home.

Mr. Diehl is not asking to have the Batts thrown out of what he considers his house. They are welcome to remain on a fair financial basis, but he wants the court to give him the right to live there so he can't be shooed off again like an old, unwelcome dog, he says.

But the Batts tell a different story. Mr. Batty says that he never liked the old man, and that he foolishly yielded to his wife's tender-hearted compassion. Also, in his affidavit answering Mr. Diehl's charges, Mr. Batty says that the elderly Mr. Diehl proved an awful bore, and that he never said "anything entertaining or enlightening." Batty yearned for the old privacy of their little New York flat. Also, he alleges, the old man had tantrums, during which he told Mrs. Batty things about her husband which, though untrue, caused "mental anguish."

And this wasn't all. Mr. Diehl, besides having tantrums, had a habit of snooping, so both Mr. Batty and Mrs. Batty aver. Papers in desk and table drawers, even in the drawer of Mrs. Batty's dressing table in her boudoir, were turned up with, things like receipts, bills and cancelled checks mysteriously discovered with their "Batts" "planted" certain articles in drawers about the house, string threads across doors and went out in a couple of hours, leaving only Mr. Diehl in the house. When they returned, he was reading quietly by his den, but the articles had been shuffled around and the Batts were broken. They did not discuss their discovery with their partner in domesticity.

Far from being a sort of "tramp's Christmas tree," as Mr. Diehl paints himself, the Batts claim that he contributed to little by little the \$15,900 had to be borrowed from Mrs. Batty's mother to pay interest on the mortgage. The Batts' lawyer, Sol Rubin, of New Rochelle, says:

"What I wish from a sort of blush look like a case in which an old man was imposed upon is actually a situation of ingratitude for special interest shown the elderly plaintiff by a married couple into whose home he managed to ingratiate himself."

Well, anyway, will old Mr. Diehl get back into his house again?

If We Had Lived With the Prehistoric Monsters

Ingenious Photographs Which Show What Interesting Pets the Dinosaurs Might Have Made for the Children



The Forehead of This Patient but Somewhat Bulky Creature, Related to the Stegocephalians, Would Have Made a Splendid Observation Tower.

MOST people, gazing at the gigantic skeletons of the mesosaurus and other monster lizards which lived millions of years ago, are thankful to hear that their own ancestors, the cave-men, had not arrived at that time, to be trampled on or leech-eaten up by such huge and dreadful creatures. A full-grown man would hardly be a mouthful for them.

But that idea may be all wrong. Science does not indicate savagery but rather the reverse. Big men are usually good-natured and slow to anger. It is the little, cocky fellow who goes round with a chip on his shoulder looking for trouble, and everybody knows that an elephant is easier to get along with than the little wild-cat.

Therefore the human race may have missed a lot of profit, to say nothing of fun, from being civilized so long after the last great saurian had become a fossil. Man today has all kinds of engines, steam, gas and electric, but the cave-man had nothing but the muscles of his arms and legs. What he sorely lacked was power and it is by no means improbable that he might have harnessed the vast horse-power in the legs of the overgrown lizards to use as draft animals, motor cars and tugboats. It is known that in South America he domesticated the giant sloth and used it as a cow. A giant sloth was at least a dozen times as big as a modern cow.

Horse meat is not advertised on the menu of any restaurant, but the cave-man ate horses for thousands of years before he learned to ride one. However, in some ways the horse was harder to domesticate than would have been the biggest and strongest of the monster saurians.

Any cave-man who got the bright idea of riding on the back of a horse must have soon seen plenty of reasons why it was not a good one. Even if he could get near enough to touch the swift and wary animal, the horse was sure to let go with both hind hoofs and kick his rash head off.

If he contrived to drop from the bough of a tree onto the back of one of the herd, the ride was not likely to last long enough to learn much. The horse would be sure to dash off at top speed, to say nothing of bucking and plunging. Nobody could hope to learn how to drive a car, if the first time he sat in it, the thing would run away



The Mesosaurus Would Also Have Made a Wonderful Surf-Board.

with him at 30 miles an hour, over ditches and culverts, till it ran out of gas.

Some of the big, extinct lizards were probably rather slow-moving, even at top speed, but at that fast enough to catch or run away from the crook-legged cave-man. Others are believed to have been as swift as their small descendants, the desert lizards, who, on a hot day, are too quick even for a cat to catch. And that is the whole point—they are fast only in warm weather, for lizards are cold-blooded animals.

As the temperature falls they grow slower and slower in their movements until any warm-blooded animal can catch them and finally a chill paralysis

makes them unable to move at all.

Man, being a warm-blooded animal, is as frisky in cold weather as hot, in fact more so. What an opportunity if the cave-man could have found one of those half-paralyzed monsters on the first warm day of Spring and by means of sharp sticks or a fire driven it out into the open. He could have taken all sorts of liberties with the half-conscious, half-paralyzed monster.

The saurians were not strong on brains, as shown by the absurdly small skulls they carried around, but fleas are infinitely smaller in the brain-box, yet can be successfully trained. Thus



PHOTO BY WORLD PRESS PICTURES

Rescue or a Meal? If the Former, Then This Represents a Tame Mesosaurus, Giant Sea Lizard of Millions of Years Ago, Bringing a Half-Drowned Girl to Land, Like a Dog of Today—But There Would Always Have Been the Chance of Its Forgetting It Was Domesticated and Eating Up Its Owners.

for the young gentleman who was supposed to be driving to be able to steer his ichthyosaurus to starboard and port and restrain its temptation to dive when the lizard saw a fish passing below.

The young woman shown lying in the jaws of one of these frank, open-faced creatures suggests that it might have been much better than a dog at saving persons from drowning. Science agrees that it could do such work much better, provided the saurian did not forget itself and mistake a bather for a meal.

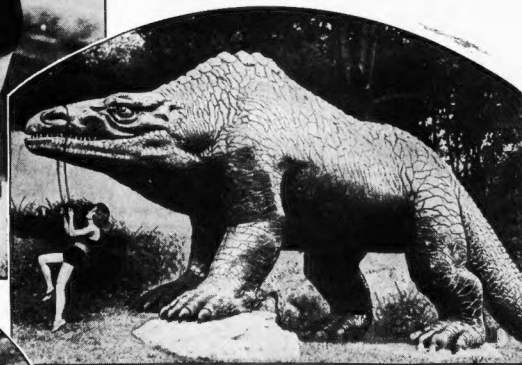
The stegocephalian was as big and full of power as a tension truck. As seen in this picture, he had the calm and kindly face of one "who loves little children." Science does not know enough about "Steggy" to be quite sure he would not love them to eat them. But, accepting him at his face value, that wide, sloping forehead would provide a fine, broad observation seat for the rider as he traveled through the countryside.

The one shown here was a rather conservative model for the women and children. Others had such long necks that they could raise their heads forty or fifty feet into the air, giving a rider a nice view of the world, if he did not fall off or get dizzy. Some of this tribe would be useful to modern farmers in clearing swampy land and clearing the bottoms of fish ponds because they lived on such vegetation, they were the original channel-clearing dredgers.

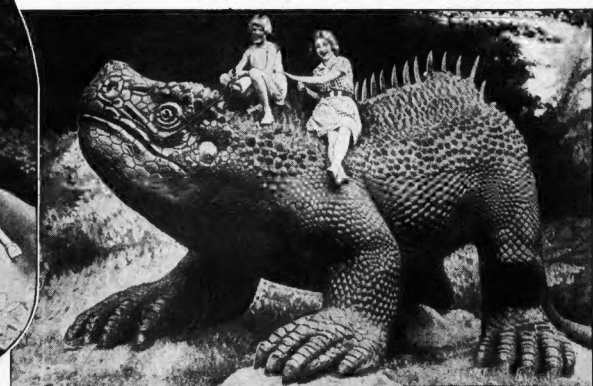
Horses and elephants have broad, smooth backs to ride upon. "Prickly Percy," as he is known at the Crystal Palace, carried a long row of spikes along his spine, which even the toughest cave-man would have considered undeniably upholstery. However, a couple of these spikes might have been saved through, probably without much pain to Percy's dull nervous system, and then the rider would have had something to cling to in front and behind the gap he sat in.

Another of Percy's duties around the house might be as the department of garbage disposal, for Percy's ancient relatives are supposed to have been like the traditional goats of the East, able to eat anything. The reptile population of ancient times would have provided, however, a more serious rival to Percy both as a watchdog and a pest exterminator, for there were multitudes of flying reptiles—the pterodactyls—provided with graptolite wings and long jaws full of sharp teeth. Imagine a house protected with flying watchdogs to bite visitors.

The economical side of domesticating the big lizards must not be forgotten. During a Winter when food is expensive and animals cannot be taken out to forage for themselves because the ground is bare, horses and elephants have to be fed whether they are used or not. The saurians however could have been placed in "dead storage" in a cave or parked in the mud bottom of some swamp, where they would cheerfully hibernate, without eating, until the next Summer.



The Neck and Snout of This Prehistoric Monster Would Have Been a Perfect Support for the Children's Swing.



The Polycosaurus, or "Prickly Percy," as He Is Called in the Crystal Palace Gardens, Would Have Made a Perfect Animated Automobile, and Not Such a Slow Running One as His Bulk Would Seem to Indicate

It is not impossible that the cave-man, by exercising the sluggish brute every day, during a long cold Spring, might have gotten it pretty well in hand by the time the Summer sun warmed up its "carburetor" and turned on the full power. And what power it would have been, for both land and water. If the cave-man had only seen at the throttle. The young people of London took to the theory that these acaly monsters would have been pets rather than pests, when the Crystal Gardens modelled life-sized reproductions of some of the "dragons" in concrete. The young

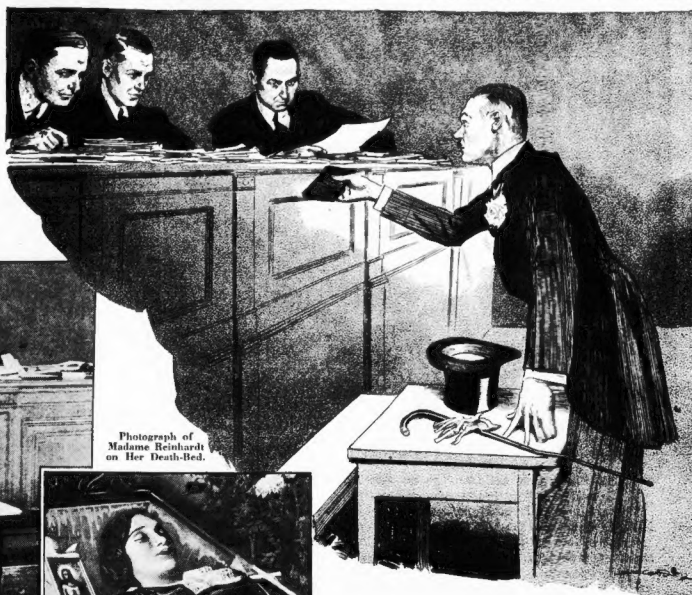
ladies shown in the pictures on this page thought these lizards "cute" and that they would "love to have played with the real things." But science says: "Maybe—maybe not." The mesosaurus, built somewhat on the lines of a huge fish, and the ichthyosaurus, even more so, who lived on fish and water reptiles, were big, swift and mighty. Beyond doubt they would have made a satisfactory substitute for an outdoor motor or tugboat, sending the cave-man's hollowed log through the water as fast as he would care to go. It would be important, however,

Reimbursed the Town for the Costs of His Murder Trial

Wealthy Mr. Godoy Rushes From London to Small Austrian Town to Save His Sister From Her Scoundrel Husband, Shoots the Husband, Is Acquitted by a Jury and Gratefully Settles the Expenses



Scene in the Austrian Court at the Trial of Senor Godoy for the Murder of His Brother-in-Law. The Prisoner Is Seen on the Witness Stand as He Gives Testimony and a Police Officer Sits Close Beside Him.



Photograph of Madame Reinhardt on Her Death-Bed.



Senor Godoy Arrose in the Prisoner's Enclosure—Bowed to the Magistrates and Jury and, Taking His Pocket-Book in His Hand, Said: "Gentlemen, I sincerely thank you for setting me free for killing my scoundrel brother-in-law. It was a tragedy which could not be avoided, but I feel that this worthy town should not suffer. I now request the privilege of paying all the expenses of my murder trial and I apologize for the necessity of having killed M. Reinhardt in your peaceful village."

"SAVE me." That was all the telegram said, and the signature—"Julia."

Senor Manuel Godoy, very rich Central American landowner and attaché of the Guatemalan Consulate General at London, turned pale a moment and then quietly asked for a few days' leave of absence.

Then, putting a revolver in his pocket and a few things in a bag, he took the next aeroplane across the English Channel. Two days later he was in the tiny and out-of-the-way Austrian village of Wells. A few hours more and he was a prisoner, charged with murder. The other day he was acquitted amid roars of approval from the crowded courtroom.

After the verdict of the jury had been announced and confirmed by the presiding judges, Mr. Godoy arose in the prisoner's enclosure, bowed to the magistrates and jury, and taking his pocketbook in his hand, said:

"Gentlemen, I sincerely thank you for setting me free for killing my scoundrel brother-in-law. It was a tragedy which could not be avoided, but I feel that this worthy town should not suffer. I now request the privilege of paying all the expenses of my murder trial and I apologize for the necessity of having killed M. Reinhardt in your peaceful village."

The cheering, which had died down to let this fiery but polished Latin-American diplomat speak, burst out with redoubled vigor and would not cease until he allowed the townspeople to carry him on their shoulders in triumphal procession to his hotel.

And why not? In these days when everyone seems to be devising ways to "look the taxpayer," here was a hero who had risked a murderer's death to save his sister's life, and when he was exonerated and free, actually had the consideration to pay for the expense he had caused. No wonder he is the most popular figure of the moment in all Austria.

And what a story the jury heard of what had gone on before that telegram. It began several years ago when Max Reinhardt, an attractive German, roving about Central America, made the acquaintance of Julia, and to her brother's dismay won her heart. Manuel instinctively disliked and resented the man, pointed out that he was 40, much too old for Julia, and tried to induce his sister to give him up. He intimated that the fellow was an adventurer marrying for money. This hurt Julia's pride and she indignantly told him that Max was a rich man, though his estates were temporarily tied up in a technicality of the German law. Before the family had time to investigate that story she married him.

Three years passed and still those German estates remained unsettled. Meanwhile Julia's husband ran through the money part of her dowry and the family was wondering what

VIENNA, Oct. 26.



In the Quaint Old Austrian Town, Wells, Where the Trial Took Place.

would happen next. One night, when the wind was just right, a mysterious fire sprang up at one end of a group of buildings Julia owned and burned them all down. It was then found that Reinhardt had recently insured them heavily. He was tried for arson and fraud, but perhaps from lack of evidence and perhaps because of the influence of the Godoy family, was acquitted. When the insurance money was spent Reinhardt suddenly announced that he had received good news at last from Germany. To come into his inheritance he now needed only appear in person.

Would Julia's family lend him money enough for Julia, himself and their two children to go to Germany? Manuel by this time had reason to believe that there was no estate in Germany, but he offered Max a large sum to go there alone and never come back to Guatemala. He had heard through diplomatic channels that the man had been suspected of other insurance frauds.

But Julia was proud, still loved her husband and was a Catholic, for whom divorce is forbidden. Senor E. Godoy, minister of the republic and head of the family, advanced the money for the tickets, mainly to get the man out of the country before he disgraced them all. Just before they left Manuel told his sister that he would soon be at the Guatemalan Consulate General in London and made her promise that she would send for him if ever there should be need. Proud Julia promised with a smile which he well knew meant that it would be need indeed before she would call for help.

A few weeks after they had gone Manuel's mother died and, on her death bed, had a strange premonition of what was to come. Grasping Manuel's hand, she said:

"I had wicked man planning to insure Julia's life and then murder her. Save her."

Manuel promised and tried to get in touch with his sister, but though he pulled diplomatic wires both from

Guatemala and London, they seemed to have vanished somewhere in Germany. After many months came a letter from Julia, saying nothing about the estate but mentioning that she expected a third baby very shortly and that Max was taking her to a part of Austria which Manuel knew to be notoriously bleak and unhealthy for the Spring season.

What on earth was he taking her there for at such a critical time? Suddenly he remembered his dying mother's premonition. He wrote an angry letter to the forwarding address Julia had given, demanding that Max take her to some better climate. At the same time he sent a telegram to Germany asking the government to find out if a man by the name of Max Reinhardt, recently from Guatemala, had lately insured his wife's life. Government bureaux move slowly and it was weeks before he got the following answer:

"Yes, fifty thousand dollars."

He wondered overnight how quickest to locate the Reinhardts in Austria if they had really gone there. His question was answered by three weeks' telegram from the little town of Wells.

The Reinhardts were not at Wells, but Manuel traced them to the nearby village of St. Georgen, a small mountain resort, ideal for mid-Summer, but cold and almost deserted the rest of the year. The first villager he asked, an enterprising German, looked at him sharply and called to some neighbors before answering. Then the villager wanted to know if he was "her friend or his."

"I am her brother," Manuel replied. "Then you have come just in time."

He was told. "The man won't let anyone enter the house except the doctor, only me, and after the birth he would have the doctor only on rare occasions, though I told him his life was in danger with the flu. He has barely allowed her to eat at all and kept her under narcotics, even making her swallow ether."

A peasant jumped on the running

board of the car to point out the burgomaster's house, others followed on foot, but none dared go with Manuel when, with a package of provisions under his arm, he knuckled on the door. A timid voice within spoke:

"Nobody is permitted to enter while Herr Reinhardt is out."

"I am Mrs. Reinhardt's brother. Open that door or I will break in."

"Gott sei dank!" said the voice and the door was opened, revealing the honest but frightened face of the old midwife.

"She is very sick, since the baby was born," Frau Schindlauer volunteered as she led him through a chilly house to a bedroom where lay a form so wasted that Manuel with difficulty recognized his own sister. Beside the bed, in a crib, lay a sleeping baby. The figure stretched out emaciated arms and cried:

"God has sent you to me! Max is trying to kill me!"

"No, no," said the midwife, but, as Manuel looked toward her, she nodded to him that it was true. After a few moments' reassuring talk with her brother, Julia lapsed into unconsciousness and Frau Schindlauer whispered to him:

"It is true. While she was expecting the baby he would not have a doctor, only me, and after the birth he would have the doctor only on rare occasions, though I told him his life was in danger with the flu. He has barely allowed her to eat at all and kept her under narcotics, even making her swallow ether."

"While I was out, one day, he threw

open all the windows and she got a chill. When I started to close them he said that the cold air would do her good and threatened to discharge me. I told him I would go to the police and that quieted him, but the exposure caused pleurisy and I fear your sister is going to die. He is a terrible man and everyone is afraid of him."

Manuel poured out a glass of milk from his own supplies and aroused his sister. He told the jury that Julia "seemed it like an animal that had been without food for days." Just then the door flew open and a voice roared:

"Who the devil is this?"

Manuel turned to face Max, who remarked in an unpleasant voice: "Ach so! You come uninvited. We are not prepared for visitors."

Manuel did not reply, but turning to the midwife ordered her to telephone to the best specialists and to arrange for the patient to be removed to a hospital as soon as they said it would be safe. He then turned to Manuel and, eagerly, the woman started for the door, but Reinhardt gripped her arm.

"Sit down!" he shouted. "You will do nothing of the kind. I am master of this house."

The baby, roused by the loud voice, began to cry and Julia, with a faint moan of terror, fainted. Manuel thrust Max aside and opening the front door, shouted to the small crowd outside to get a doctor.

"Jai Ja!" answered the crowd and he saw several youths hurry away. Manuel testified that when he turned from the door there was a sneer of

triumph over Max's lips as he said: "And how long do you think it will take them to get a doctor in this place?"

The Guatemalan diplomat, up to that moment, had said nothing at which Reinhardt could take offense, but in that sneer he read his sister's doom.

Taking her husband into another room, he quietly informed the man what he knew of him, including that recent \$50,000 life insurance, and accused the German of deliberately causing Julia's death to get the money. Again Max sneered:

"I was going to permit you to remain in this place until you have summoned arrives. But now that you have informed me I shall put you out and see the doctor alone, in case I think it necessary to have him enter at all."

Just then Julia's voice came faintly from across the hall, crying:

"Save me! Save me!"

Senor Godoy told the jury that he lost control of himself. He said: "It became evident that this beast's death had already been postponed too long. I drew my revolver and, like an automaton, I continued to fire into him until he fell dead. Then I opened the window, informed the crowd that I had killed the fellow and asked them to get the police."

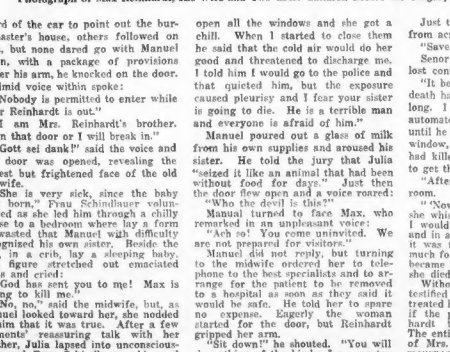
"After that I went into my sister's room."

"Now everything will be all right," she whispered and I assured her that I would soon have her out of there and in a warm, comfortable place. But it was too late. The shock was too much for her. She sank into a trance, became delirious and two hours later she died."

Without exception, every witness testified that the dead man had misread his wife and several stated that if the prisoner had not killed Reinhardt they would have done so. The entire village attended the funeral of Mrs. Reinhardt, but not a single mourner followed her husband's body to the grave.

Throughout the trial two attaches of the Guatemalan Consulate at Vienna observed and kept their country informed. Soon after Senor Godoy's triumphal return to Guatemala received a cable from his own foreign office, stating the young diplomat's approval and informing the young diplomat that the stern duty thrust upon him would in no way injure his career.

Photograph of Max Reinhardt, His Wife and Two Elder Children Before the Tragedy.





Waiting for the Drug in a Paris Cabaret.—Drawing by M. Chmout.

THE mirage of Art, Literature and Pleasure attracts to the Latin Quarter of Paris the most extraordinary freaks of humanity from all corners of the earth. Some live on the Left Bank of the Seine, at Montparnasse, and others in the Bohemian section known as Montmartre. Artists move their studios from one section to the other as the whim seizes them, and their models go with them.

Into this crazy, irresponsible, topsy-turvy life came pretty Alice Prin when she was sixteen, and for eighteen years she has charmed the art colony with her wit and beauty and was recently voted their Queen. Some of the painters and sculptors for whom "Kiki," as she is called, has posed are now rich and famous. Others came to a tragic end, dying of want or despair, or adding their names to the long martyr-roll of vice, alcoholism and drugs.

In these pages Kiki reveals glimpses behind the scenes in the studios which the imagination of novelist or dramatist would never have dreamed of.

By "Kiki"

(Mlle. Alice Prin).

Artist's Model and Queen of the Paris Art Colony.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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BOHEMIANS of the Paris Latin Quarter—writers, painters, models, dancers and singers—rarely find sufficient inspiration in their work alone, and so they resort to stimulants. Like Murguer, the novelist, some excite their faculties by consuming as much as six ounces of coffee in a night (an abuse that generally brings on severe attacks of skin ailments), while others, following the example of the painter, Utrillo, look for ideas at the bottom of a glass of liquor. Many are incapable of rousing the imagination without having recourse to narcotics, and it is with these anodyne dreamers—and the dealers supplying them with the subtle poisons—that I will deal in this chapter.

Baudelaire was among the first to start the pernicious vogue in Paris of swallowing a little green pellet of hashish to heighten the fancy. He became a member of the Club of Hashish Eaters (founded in 1845), that held its seances in the Hotel Pimodan and was frequented by scribblers of the romantic school in search of hallucinations. In his "Artificial Paradises" he maintains that the cannabis indica makes man a demigod. Later on, in imitation of De Quincey, Baudelaire took opium to produce visions. In fact, hashish and poppy-juice contribute not a little to the perfume of his "Flowers of Evil," as they also contributed to his death from general paralysis.

Many of the more responsible and really world-wise artists are alive to the shocking prevalence of drug dissipation in the Latin Quarter, and are constantly alert to fight the insidious evil and help weaker artists and models from the temptations of the dope peddlers. M. Edouard Chmout, the distinguished artist whose studio on Montmartre's height overlooks the rooftops of the avenues and boulevards of moudain Paris lower down, has painted many impressive sermons on the evils of drugs, and some of his vivid etchings are well worth reproducing. M. Chmout's powerful drawings are more compelling than words, because of the grim truth they portray.

My first—and last—experiment with opiates dates from the close of the War. At this time I was posing for Jean Levet, the sculptor who gained renown with an unconventional statue of the philosopher, Elzevir Mederic, showing him with his head on the ground and heels in the air. He is also known for a bust of Lenin, whose pal he was during the Russian's sojourn in the Quarter. One morning Levet sent me to deliver a statuette of a faun at the "hotel particulier" of a notorious sniffer of cocaine in the Folle district, warning me in advance that this queer individual left his money scattered about the house, and that I would be seen if I stole any, for each apartment had many mirrors

—scarcely looking at it—handed it to an Annamite servant, and ushered me into a dressing room, where he gave me a pair of white stockings to put on, and a Japanese kimono as stunning as the one he was wearing. Then I was conducted through several darkened chambers, luxuriously furnished, and lit up by antique lamps hanging from the vaulted ceilings. The dining room walls, inlaid with nacre, were decorated with firearms—enough to supply a regiment—and the library contained a collection of butterflies in glass cases, to which I modestly turned my attention when the owner attempted to interest me in some engravings of an indecent nature.

In the corner of the drawing room, on a divan piled with cushions, reclined a pale little man in mauve pajamas who was engaged, on my entrance, in plunging a spoon into a tiny box and then placing the spoon at his nostrils. He presently disappeared with the proprietor, saying he was going to fetch me a gift. During their absence I took up the mysterious box and put some of the white powder, with which it was filled, into my nose. How long I remained here I do not know, but I remember that I felt supremely elated—as happy as if I were the mistress of this marvelous mansion. Je monte au ciel! I felt as if I were going to Paradise!

When the two returned with my promised present—a gold whistle adorned with a small diamond and ruby—I thanked them effusively, and, stooping down, picked up a 1,000-franc bill I had noticed on the floor, which I gave to my red-nosed host. "Yes, yes," he said indifferently, tossing it back on the floor. I had hoped he would reward my honesty by offering me the bank note, but was sadly disappointed. In revenge, I stole a two-franc piece in one of the apartments before leaving, and am only sorry I did not pocket the bill, for I afterwards discovered my golden whistle was brass and its jewels make-believe.

Fortunately, I never contracted the dope habit, although a resident for 18 years in Montparnasse, that divides the dubious honors, with Montmartre, of being the headquarters of the narcotic traffic in Paris. Yet if I have escaped the domination of this withering vice, some of my friends have not. Let me cite the case of poor Haydee, a 29-year-old model and danseuse now taking the cure in a clinic on the Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques.

The girl—a native of Bou-Saada, Algeria—belonged to a tribe of Ouled-Nails, remarkable for the grace of their person and the gorgeous costumes and jewels which they exhibit. At the age of 13 she married a desert chieftain, subsequently slain in a revolt he led against the troops of General Maunoury. Prisoner of war, the young and attractive Haydee was taken to Algiers and there placed in a convent, which she later left to enter the local lycee as a student of medicine. In 1920 she set out for Paris in order to continue her studies, but completely for-

On arriving at my destination I was politely received by a middle-aged gentleman with colorless eyes deep sunk in their sockets, and a nose red as Bardolph's. He took the statuette

got them in the pursuit of pleasures that make one happy for minutes and miserable for hours.

Captivated by her exotic type of beauty, the Quartier Latin elected her queen at the Bal Bullier in 1922, and shortly after the coronation Haydee married a Scottish painter. He carried her off to his ancestral castle in the Highlands, but this daughter of the desert, finding the climate too misty and her mate too miserly, divorced him to wed a Paris journalist. The inconstant creature, however, soon tired of her hack-writing hubby, abandoned him, and began posing for a group of artists here, who deem wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct the necessary accompaniment of genius.

In the company of these nee-de-wells Haydee acquired the cocaine habit, spending the francs she had saved for the obnoxious powder, which quickly robbed her of health and good looks. For a while she lived by giving exhibitions of Oriental dances at a theatre near the Place Denfert-Rochereau, but when the financial crisis closed its doors she found herself stranded. A few weeks ago two police agents making their nightly rounds discovered Haydee lying on a street bench in half-dazed condition. The former Queen of Montparnasse is now in a hospital for "coco" addicts, where the expenses for her treatment are being paid by one of her old-time admirers.

Morphine was the muse of Noel Garnier, militant poet and free lance writer, who died last November at the age of thirty-seven. In the Quarter Garnier was noted for his cutting wit and his contempt of the mutual adoration ceremonies. During the War, he won the Legion of Honor by reason of his bravery, but lost the decoration, after the Armistice, on account of his daring articles in "L'Humanite" attacking some of the army functionaries. His poems are as notable for their tenderness as his political writings are for their violence. Two months before his death, Garnier was taking the drug cure, and told his friends he had nearly accomplished his liberation from morphine. The habit, however, was too strong, he gave himself up once again to the powerful narcotic, and died from an overdose.

The death of Ernest Van Duren, the dancer, at the age of 39, was directly due to drugs. On July 16, 1930, at his apartment in the Rue Saint-Senoch, he was found dying in bed from an overdose of laudanum, his accustomed "stupefiant." We were all shocked by the news, as he was well liked for his cheerfulness, kind heart and unpretentious manner. This music hall entertainer, born at Fiume, of Dutch parentage, sprang into popularity at Paris just after the War, when he danced with Mlle. Edmonde Guy, at the Be-Ta-Clan Theatre, in a revue produced by Mme. Berthe Rasimi. His partner, by her audacious nudity and talent, made an immediate hit for herself and Van Duren.

The couple next starred at the Casino de Paris, with Harry Pilcer and the late Gaby Deslys, and here again Mlle. Guy appeared entirely naked, emerging from a grand piano as the Spirit of Beauty. Afterwards they went on

By "Kiki"—Queen of

Secrets of Life
Triumphs and
Queer People in
Prin, the Be



At 4 o'clock in the Morning.—By M. Chmout.



Mlle. Regine Flory, Once Rejoice Favorite of the Paris Stars, Who Killed Herself in Despair Over Being Discarded by the Man She Loved on Account of Her Addiction to Drugs.

the road, scoring successes in London, Berlin, Vienna, Rome and Madrid. For years it was the most talked of team on the Continent. Van Duren was the active member of the partnership, arranging the dances, designing the costumes and posters and looking after the business end. But Mlle. Guy, on account of her loveliness, was the big drawing card.

But three years ago, when Mlle. Edmonde quit him, Van Duren's star began to pale. I happened to be in the audience at the Empire the night he was hissed by the capricious public. Thereafter he could obtain no engagement, although shortly before his death he signed a contract with Dora Duby, the American artiste. Van Duren had long been in the habit of taking

laudanum for his insomnia, but, growing despondent, he started drinking larger and larger draughts of the black drug until it finally killed him. He was buried in the cemetery of Battignolles, yet this once applauded dancer did not have a dozen people at his funeral, so fleeting is theatrical glory.

Mlle. Olga Penelle-Poufkins, a pretty Russian film actress of 29, committed suicide here a few months ago by swallowing several vials of heroin. During her brief career it seems that dope was her principal source of inspiration, as it is for many vedettes of the capital. In 1926, after winning 2,000,000 francs at the races, she went on a drug debauch that resulted in a heavy fine and a four months' prison sentence. Mlle. Poufkins was a familiar figure at Montparnasse cabarets, where she was generally seen in the company of Count Jean de Quelin, her lover. A little later the two were arrested at her apartment, 49 Rue de Courcelles, charged with having narcotics in their possession. For the sake of a noble family, the Count decided it was better to put an end to his existence than to face the judges, and on the eve of his trial he was found dead at Toulouse, with a bullet in his head.

When the actress heard of his death, she had not strength to appear in court and so was condemned by default to pay a fine of 3,000 francs and ordered to appear at the Fall Assizes. Meanwhile, Olga took the cure at the sanatorium of Dr. Lesavoureaux, at Chateau-Malabry, near Paris. Yet when the day of her trial approached,

Hallucinations of Co

the Paris Artists' Studios

in the Famous "Latin Quarter," the Follies,
and Tragedies in the Strangest Collection of
in All the World, Revealed by Mlle. Alice
Best Known Artist's Model in Europe



Her Last Sleep.—By M. Chimot.

plight, opened a subscription for her voyage back to Paris. No longer a slave to the drug, she has regained her lost prestige and health, and today is one of the best loved entertainers of the Right and Left Banks.

M. Lagrenée, noted actor of the Comédie Française, was suddenly haled into court, charged with supplying his acquaintances with dope. Evidence revealed that he and his wife often received at their home M. Joseph Ledoux, "amateur de morphine," and the charming Mlle. Lucie Rouge, cocaine addict. With tears in his eyes, Lagrenée informed M. Fortin, presiding judge, that he was now cured of the habit, and asked mercy. The actor confessed he had furnished Ledoux with morphine, because he seemed sick and sadly in need of a stimulant. Lagrenée was sentenced to two weeks in prison, while Mlle. Rouge and M. Ledoux each escaped with a 600-franc fine.

In 1913, when I first came to Paris, Mlle. Germaine Sombay was the music hall idol of the metropolis. Her name blazed in electric lights along the boulevards and was on the lips of every "bon vivant." Celebrities disputed for the privilege of being at her table in the restaurants à la mode. Showered with jewels, feted, adored, "La Belle Sombay" was the sovereign of the capital of pleasure. Today she is mending prison linen in the hospital ward of St. Lazare, prematurely old at 39, penniless—a martyr to love and to morphine. No longer remembered by the fickle public, the former footlight star is well known to the police as a shrewd character.

At 15 Germaine ran away from her home in sunny Provence to become a danseuse at Paris. Her bewitching face and figure landed her a position at the Folies Bergère, and in two years she had reached that sort of fame which consists of seeing one's name in the papers and one's photo in the art shops. Tired at last of presenting her undraped person to the public like a feast of human flesh to the gorge of the fairy tale, she aspired to the legitimate stage, and her change came when

Mlle. Olga Poulina, the Russian Film Star, Who Committed Suicide Rather Than Face Charges of Drug Addiction.



Drug Dreams.—By M. Chimot.

M. Lenoire, examining magistrate, that she needed 30 francs daily for her drug, that her work as seamstress was not sufficiently remunerative and she was compelled to steal.

Cocaine—and a cruel deception in love—caused the downfall of Regine Flory, an actress who at one time threatened to supplant Mistinguett as reigning favorite of Paris music halls. High-strung and hot-blooded, this Marseilles girl was a sort of mixture of lioness and tigress, and was to the manager so foolhardy as to arouse her wrath. At 18, Regine quit her native city for the French capital, lured by its promise of riches, luxury and pleasure. Here she commenced as a lowly "figurante" at the Cigale, rising rapidly to the position of "grande vedette."

But the exhausting fatigue of her vocation, coupled with midnight supper parties and a succession of love adventures, proved a ruinous tax on her nerves, and Regine had recourse to "coco" as a stimulant. She was already known as a "neurasthénique" when she inaugurated the Théâtre Mogador, which was built for her especially. Despite her phenomenal success, the actress was subject to fits of melancholy, attempting suicide one day by jumping into the Seine. Rescued by a spectator of her desperate act, she was placed in a private clinic at Passy, where friends compelled her to take the drug cure. Pending her stay here, Regine refused to see her aged mother, who came all the way from Marseilles to help nurse her prodigal daughter.

Mlle. Flory became the "bonne amie" of Sir Alfred Butt, director of the Drury Lane Theatre at London, who lavished not only affection but wealth on his 22-year-old French sweetheart, giving her 100,000 francs a month for pin money. This attachment ended abruptly when he married an English lady and cut off Regine's allowance. The artist flew into a fine fury and went to London, demanding an explanation. As a reply, she received an order from the immigration authorities saying her presence was "undesirable." Expelled from the country, she returned to Paris and there vainly sought to drown her grief and rage in a narcotic nephthé.

Regine Flory went back to London by airplane, this time gaining admission on the pretext of seeking a theatrical engagement. After a heated argument with her ex-lover, in his office at the Drury Lane, the jittered woman drew a pistol from her reticule and fired a bullet into her head, dying an hour later at Charing Cross Hospital. The actress was buried clandestinely at London. The money realized from the sale of her jewels, furs and dresses—totaling a million francs—went to her mother.

Some are able to triumph over their craving for drugs. I recall the case of Mimi Barthe, a cabaret singer arrested as a heroin addict and jailed for eight months at St. Lazare among thieves and scarlet women. One would think that a girl, in such company, would have little chance of escaping moral contagion, yet Mimi was saved by her passion for her art. She returned to her work completely cured, easily winning back her reputation as the "boulevard nightingale." Moreover, the prison's corrupting influence left no stain on her mind, which looked upon the degraded creatures around her like

moonlight on a mud puddle, that shines and takes no pollution.

And there is the comeback of Mlle. Frehel, a professional chanteuse who recently scored a hit at the Oceanic Bar, my old stamping ground. The street was her conservatoire, for at the age of five she followed a blind fiddler about the suburbs, making a few sous each day by singing "Fleur de Seine" in her childish tricola. In her teens, she frequented the ill-famed bistrot and balls of the Ile de la Grande-Jatte, an island of the Seine, near Neuilly, immortalized by the painter Seurat. It was here she found the material for the Apache numbers which later made her celebrated in Montmartre's night restaurants.

Frehel's infatuation for Maurice Chevalier is a matter of history, but since the story of their stormy amour has been more or less faithfully recorded in Chevalier's Memoirs, I shall not repeat it. At the beginning of 1914, she made a tour of Continental music halls, and at Bucharest had the privilege of being received at court, worshipping Parisian underworld ditties for the edification of Queen Marie. Soon after the outbreak of the War, Frehel went to Constantinople, where she met with conspicuous success.

Later, however, with the advent of hundreds of Russian singers and dancers whom the Revolution had driven out of their country and who sought refuge in the City of the Golden Horn, her popularity waned, she grew dejected and homesick, and began to take cocaine to dispel her nostalgia and ennui. Before many months elapsed she had fallen into the most abject misery, often going without bread in order to buy the white poison. Then came the Armistice, and friends of Frehel, hearing of her wretched

Charles Mère, a playwright with whom she had fallen in love, let her take the leading part in his "Femme Masquée" at the Théâtre du Gymnase.

The girl triumphed in the role, blossoming forth soon afterwards as the most exquisite comedienne. She was now at the pinnacle of her success—flattered by the press, surrounded by admirers, and possessing a sumptuous home on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. All Paris was intoxicated by her charms, and if virtue is to be happy, Germaine was virtuous. The artist accepted homage like carresses, and as a flower accepts the evening rain. She lived as if one were never to die, gathering the present moment as if it were eternal.

But one night, as she left the theatre and stepped into her private car, she found her lover Mère there in the arms of a rival actress. Now Germaine played fair in love and expected others to do the same by her. She was never noted for a rigid morality, and in the days before she met Charles Mère, she had taken as her model Ninon de l'Enclos, who put a time limit of three months to an affair of the heart. Yet it was different now. Her infatuation for the dramatist had lasted half a year—long enough to rise to the height of a passion. A scene followed, with the result that her idol drove off with his new innamorata, and Germaine, in despair, shot herself.

The wound was not mortal, but the actress was confined to a hospital for several months. Joyous fetes were exchanged for a festival of pain. Only large quantities of morphine could relieve her suffering, and it was on a sickbed that the broken-hearted woman doubtless learned that chagrin, like physical anguish, can be soothed by drugs. Rejected by the man she



Mlle. Germaine Sombay, Idol of the Paris Music Halls, Who Became an Outcast and a Criminal because of Her Irresistible Hunger for Drugs.



caine.—By M. Chimot.

he began to worry and to grow remorseful. A week before the case came up, she was visited by M. Idzkowski, her lawyer, who informed her he would seek the indulgence of the magistrates out that she would have to appear before them. The film star, dreading condemnation, committed suicide, like her lover, on the eve of the trial. He left the following note:

"A friend, who was more dear to me than life, killed himself some time ago. I have not the courage to live on without him."

Some use drugs as a mental stimulant, some to soothe physical suffering, and there are not a few who, forfeited with ordinary pleasures, resort to narcotics in the hope of experiencing a new thrill. The young sportsman, Max Baril, of a wealthy French family and well known in Paris and Nice as a high-roller, belonged to the last class. And he came to a tragic end as a result of his experiment with dope.

Baril and his girl friend—Yvonne Moulin, a divorced wife of the proprietor of Chez Noun, a famous Parisian restaurant—were the guests of a woman calling herself Nini Nango, who joined the party. Before the three swells returned to the hotel, they had bought a number of packages of cocaine from Nini on her recommendation that they finish off the evening with a sniff of the happy dust. Shortly before 11 o'clock the next morning Baril staggered through the door of his room, calling weakly for a doctor. A quarter of an hour later a physician pronounced Yvonne dead. Baril was rushed to a hospital, but he succumbed almost immediately upon his arrival. M. Cotton, who had the adjoining room, was found to be suffering from severe spells of vomiting. Such was the conclusion of Max Baril's first and final tête-à-tête with La Coco, Reine des Epouvantes.

Charles A. Wilson-Prevost, prominent Canadian physician residing for the last five years at No. 55 Avenue Foch, died suddenly a few months ago in a hotel on the Boulevard du Temple, at a private dope party he was staging for two of his friends, Miles, Rose and Josephine. The two young ladies have long been known to the police as votaries of Venus and heroin addicts. Mlle. Rose, who hails from Brussels, was convicted, in 1914, of having drugs in her possession and fined 3,000 francs. She is now serving a three-year sentence at St. Lazare for shoplifting. At her trial, last March, the Belgian beauty told

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☐ BLACK ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ DARK RED ☐ BLONDE

Street Vengeance by Marylyn Tomson

(Continued from Page 12)

help feeling that a private was a blot on the family honor.

The war had ended soon after Jason had got to France. His father died shortly after his return. Mrs. Denning had invested Jason leave, where he was studying, to come home and manage the property.

"After all, it's your duty," she told him. "Besides, I can't imagine how you can think you will ever distinguish yourself muddling about with horrid germs and things. There's nothing glorious that I can see or even romantic about it."

Jason had come home a very thin and rather sallow youth at the time. Mrs. Denning couldn't help thinking he more resembled the Dennings than her branch of the family. She had never particularly liked the Dennings. She hadn't even particularly liked the Denning she had married.

All her sentimental love had been poured over Robin. Robin in her eyes could do no wrong. If, in the beginning, Jason had been hurt by her attitude he grew to hide his hurt very successfully. Instead, knowing how much the illusion of Robin meant to his mother, he had pulled Robin out of innumerable scrapes, often taking the blame himself.

For the best part of a week after the news of Robin's death Mrs. Denning had been hysterical. And during that time, she left no doubt in Jason's mind she would greatly have preferred it had been he instead of the beloved Robin lying dead at the bottom of a chasm in Central America. The knowledge hadn't made Jason resentful. He could have told you himself that was how his mother would have felt. The news of Jenny's escape was the final crushing blow to

Mrs. Denning. She would have liked to have closed her eyes to the whole affair. But, unfortunately, she couldn't close her eyes to that will. Dreadful to think that almost Robin's last action was to will his property away from her and leave it to a stranger! And it wasn't as if he had been engaged to the girl! Had he been, surely he would have told his mother, even brought the girl home to introduce her to his family? No, obviously, this was one of those affairs the least said about the better.

In the pause she helped herself to a chocolate from the round blue cardboard box. "She was terrible, I suppose," Jason muttered.

"At least, she wasn't at what I expected," he compromised.

Mrs. Denning looked up sharply. "How's that?"

"Well," Jason threw his half-smoked cigarette out of the window. "She isn't common, you know."

His mother gave a short, indignant snort. "Nonsense! She must be."

Jason shook his head. "She isn't, mother."

Mrs. Denning helped herself to another chocolate. "You mean she's merely depraved?"

"No, I shouldn't say she was depraved at all," Jason retorted vehemently. His own vengeance surprised him.

His mother sighed. "I think she must be a very clever girl. Evidently she's taken you in just as she did our poor darling Robin."

Jason felt a hot flush rise up under his tan. For no logical reason his mother's words infuriated him. Ridiculous to suggest such a thing! Surely he had made plain to the girl during the in-

terview how much he despised her. Taken in, indeed!

"She didn't know anything about the will," he said now.

Mrs. Denning threw back her head and laughed in a high pitched shrill manner. "My dear boy!"

Jason felt angrier. "I don't think she did, mother."

Mrs. Denning was still making affected little explosions of incredulous mirth.

"My dear boy," she repeated. "You don't think Robin would have done such a... such a terrible thing on his own? Even if she didn't actually make out the will herself, I'm positive she worked for weeks getting the idea firmly planted in his head!"

Jason merely shrugged. No use arguing with his mother. Besides why should he argue on that objectionable girl's behalf?

Instead, he tried consciously to agree with his mother. To see it as she saw it. So much simpler if he could. But somehow he couldn't—quite. He couldn't get over the picture of Jenny as he had first seen her, down on her hands and knees polishing the floor. She had looked such a child!

"I suppose you arranged to take over the farm house?" Mrs. Denning asked presently.

Jason's mouth hardened. The house, yes, that was the rub. Jason, himself, couldn't bear the thought of the girl settled in the old home of the Dennings.

"Satisfactory was arranged," he said shortly.

"You mean she wouldn't agree to a reasonable price?" And before Jason had a chance to reply she went on. "I thought as much. I thought she'd try to bleed us over that! How much does she want?"

Jason smiled slightly, but there

was no humor in his smile. "She says she doesn't want to sell at all," he remarked quietly.

One of Mrs. Denning's white puffy hands paused half way to her chin. "What?"

"Not want to sell!" she repeated dazedly. "But... I don't understand. You'd think she'd jump at the opportunity!" Then, with a snort. "But, of course! She's merely saying that in order to get more money out of us! I should have foreseen it."

"What?" Mrs. Denning said. "I don't think so, mother. I admit I thought so myself at first. But she... managed to disillusion me." And his smile was now grim.

Mrs. Denning was still too disturbed to pick up the chocolate. Her hand descended aimless circles about the box. "But, Jason, what does she propose to do with it? What possible use can it be to her?"

She told me she was going to live there herself," Jason remarked evenly.

"What?" Mrs. Denning jerked herself out of the soft nest of cushions and sat bolt upright. She said she was coming down here to live?" she gasped, her voice faint with horror.

"Aburd!" breathed his mother. Jason shrugged.

"But... you think she would dare?" Mrs. Denning breathed. "Would she dare haunt her shame down here, where everyone knew Robin, where his family live? I... I can't credit it!" Jason told me she wouldn't dare. It would be too, the dreadful!

But Jason had a very strong suspicion Jenny would dare. He remembered uncomfortably her triumphant laughter and that dangerous glint in her very green eyes. How dare she, a succession of new daring came into whole personality. She might be, and very properly, a thing his mother thought her. All the same she had guts. Also he was fairly sure she would do just whatever she had threatened to do!

"I guess we'll have to face it," he remarked. "I think she will come."

Mrs. Denning uttered a faint cry of horror and lay back among the heaped up cushions.

"I shan't call on her," she whispered. "She can't expect me to see her!"

And Jason heard himself give a slight chuckle and say, "Somehow I don't think even that will deter Mrs. Jerome, mother!"

CHAPTER IX.
Hay Gold Farm

"H" was, well—"Words were to do justice to Jason Denning seemed momentarily to fail Jenny. She finished with spirit, "I never knew I could hate any man so much!"

Margaret Gedding threw back her red head and laughed. She was curled up on the divan in her studio.

A black satin kimono with golden dragons was drawn tightly about her slight body. Like everything Margaret possessed it was generously splattered with paint.

Jenny's small voice became hoarse with anger. "What are you laughing at, Margaret? I tell you he was awful. I've almost hit him twice!"

"Good for him!" Margaret smiled. She stretched out a hand for a cigarette. "He's certainly done you lots of good, anyway."

Jenny stared at her. Her very dark eyes opened wider. "Done me good?" she exclaimed incredulously. "I—I was never so angry in all my life!"

Margaret nodded. "I know. That's what's done you good. Being shaken out of yourself. You're almost up to old form again. You have been like a corpse for weeks!"

Jenny didn't deign to answer. Instead she drew herself further into the recesses of the divan.

"Anyhow," she retorted presently, not without malice, "it was certainly a good one on him when I told him I was coming down there to live!"

Margaret glanced up at her sharply. "You think you will?"

"Think?" Jenny retorted angrily. She pushed a dark strand of hair from her brow. "I know I will! I've given notice here already!"

Margaret started laughing. She lay back on the divan, wiggling her small feet in the air.

"The young man's certainly made an impression! Not many men I'd pull up my roots and leave my happy home for! Why, d'you see, he must be divine! A regular knockout!"

"Don't be absurd," Jenny retorted with cold dignity. "He isn't attractive in the least!"

Now, for no reason she could easily explain, a faint color stained the cream on Jenny's cheeks. And because she was there was there she grew angrier still.

"I certainly feel sorry for the girl he's going to marry," she said with spirit.

"What?" he asked. "Margaret asked quickly.

"I don't know whether he is or not," Jenny said with a beautiful indifference. "I didn't ask him!"

"The why shall I say you think...?" Margaret began.

Jenny flung her arms above her dark head and clasped them there. "Oh, Robin said something

(Continued on Page 15)

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"Yes, I'm sure you will," Margaret mused. She had lit another cigarette and was contemplating Jenny through the blue-gray smoke with half closed eyes. Jenny, how pretty she was in her slight dark gipsy way. Lovely and intense. Yet she was unwakened.

Margaret surmised she had never really been stirred. Not to the death of her despite her affair with Robin. She had loved the girl deeply. But her heart had been more of the romantic order. Robin, with his amazing good looks and spectacular deeds, had typified romance and girlhood dreams and all the things which are delightful but which somehow don't last.

Why didn't they last? Do we use them? Haven't they enough substance to hold us? Margaret had no answer to that. But she felt distinctly somebody Jenny would fall in love again. Maybe against her will, for she was essentially loyal. But fall in love she would, and this time she would love passionately and abandonedly. Margaret guessed Jenny had a great deal of inherent passion in that slight frame of hers. As yet no one had brought it to life.

"But," she amended a moment later, finishing her sentence, "be careful you don't give yourself

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Secret Vengeance by Marylyn Tomson

(Continued from Page 15)

"Different baby from his brother," Jenny couldn't resist remarking. "No," they were different," Mrs. Hanbury agreed. "Jason must have been darling," Jenny said warmly. "I... I... I'd know him then!"

Mrs. Hanbury chuckled. "You would have been a baby yourself and not liking him at all, most likely. But what a handsome boy he is now!"

"Abruptly," she paused. She put a hand to her head. "Oh, dearie me," she murmured. "I keep forgetting that he... that he's..."

"Don't say it, please," Jenny whispered. She sprang up from the table and crossed to the window. She looked out onto the neat kitchen garden.

"It's thank the good Lord we have," Mr. Jason to look after us," the old woman said fervently.

"I suppose one must be thankful for small mercies," Jenny said bitterly. But her voice had been too low for Mrs. Hanbury to hear her.

"And, though maybe I shouldn't say this to you, dear," the old woman went on, "I'm grateful it wasn't Mr. Jason who was taken. That would have broken my heart."

"What?" Jenny swung round. She could scarcely believe her ears. It seemed... Well, to her it seemed incredible. That anyone in their right mind should do such a thing! Should anyone think such a thing? "You can't mean," she said in a slow thick voice, "that if it had to be one of us, you were glad it was..."

"If it had to be one of them," the old woman murmured. "Yes, I had to be one of them I'm... I'm thankful it wasn't Mr. Jason, anyhow."

"Oh," said Jenny. Her voice was hoarse.

"You see, Mr. Jason was my first baby," the old woman explained. "Although I don't believe it's that altogether. He was always such a fine, sporting, honest little chap. Perhaps, too, he was more mine because he never didn't fancy him so much. Not so much as she did Mr. Robin."

"I can well understand that," Jenny murmured to herself. "And now they're both grown up and I'm old, well, it's nice to feel I have a man to lean on, isn't it, dear? To look out for me and see that I'm all right, always."

"But Robin would have looked after you," Jenny protested. "Maybe. And again, I'm not," the old woman muttered. "You see, dear, Mr. Robin never stopped being a baby in many ways, did he? Always wanted looking after himself, I'm thinking. And Mr. Jason grew up. Poor lamb, he had to grow up before his time. But he hasn't hurt him. He's made a fine man out of him."

Jenny turned around once more and stared out of the window. Those words of Mrs. Hanbury's were going through her head. "Mr. Robin never topped being a baby in many ways, did he? Was that true? She remembered when she had first met him how maternal she had felt towards him. She had wanted to look after him long before she fell in love with him. Was her love really an outgrowth of that? Occasionally, especially at last night, she had remembered feeling this very strongly. She thought, "He's such a boy, but it's a man I was tempted to do this for me."

Well, he had decided it, hadn't he? He had asked her to marry him. But—and this was a suspicion that had come to Jenny more strongly of late—wasn't it really she who had decided? Who had made Robin decide her way, talking to him as she had? Had Robin still been the baby in that moment, easily influenced, easily swayed? Oh, no, no, no, she cried against this. And yet... and yet...

A knock sounded on the outside door. "Ah," the old woman's whole face lit up. She sprang to her feet with a remarkable agility. "That must be Mr. Jason now. He told me he'd look in this afternoon."

Jenny started. A swift color rushed to her face. She could feel her cheeks burning.

"You don't mind if I let him in, do you?" Mrs. Hanbury said from the door. She had just remembered that this was Jenny's house now.

"No, do ask him in," Jenny said evenly. All the same she had stiffened. Her chin was tilted defiantly. Her dark eyes glinted dangerously. "Really, I'm quite looking forward to talking with Mr. Jason Denning again!"

CHAPTER X.

An Unsatiable Call.

"THE young lady's arrived," Mrs. Hanbury whispered to Jason on the porch.

Jason's face, tanned a dark brown, went a shade darker. And his smile, that peculiarly sweet smile so few ever saw, vanished completely.

"She has come?" he said. And added, "I said you should have moved out before this old lady."

"Bless you, Mr. Jason, she



Jason's First Impression of Jenny When He Had Surprised Her That Day in Her Studio Had Been Reluctant Admiration.

didn't mind. A sweet young girl, she. If I may say so, she was in danger of being contaminated by The Sinner."

"I don't understand," said Jason. "Who do you mean?"

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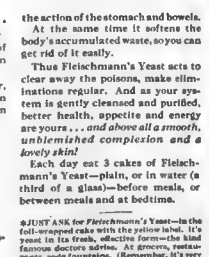
Now listen as Dr. Otto Kalischer, the internationally famous German specialist, tells what happened in this typical case—

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And he adds, "The patient now blossomed out in health."

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Yet the slight flush that mounted to his forehead gave him away.

Jenny gave an odd sounding laugh. "Don't you really know, Mr. Jason Denning? Or is this an example of what you call 'breeding'? Pretending you don't understand when you understand only too well? You know," she smiled sweetly, "you make me feel like something out of the Old Testament. As if I should go about with a placard tied round my neck advertising my shame. Then you could all chivalrously hurt stones at me! What grand old days they were, Mr. Jason Denning! I'm sure you would have fitted admirably into the life of the times!"

The flush on Jason's face mounted. He said: "I'm very sorry you feel like that, Miss Jerome. I can only assure you if I have annoyed you it was unintentional."

"Yes," said Jenny, her hand flat on her lips, her head a little on one side, "very unintentional, I'm sure. I remember you were kinder than that day you called on me."

Her voice was barred with sarcasm. Old-fashioned, if you knew what I mean. Jason found himself combining a sudden and surprising impulse to go across and shake her. He thought, "That's because she makes me so mad. I never dream any girl could be so obnoxious!"

"You must admit," he said, and, in his anger, he said more than he should have, "that the whole situation was, to say the least, unusual!"

Jenny smiled, a bad child provoking smile that brought her chin dimple into unnecessary prominence. "To what situation do you refer, Mr. Denning?"

The time Jason did lose his temper. He let himself go. He hadn't really let himself go for years. Not even to his mother, who surely gave him sufficient provocation! "Damn it, you know what your game is, but I tell you it won't work. You had your way with Robin. I'm darned sure you're not going to have your way with me."

"No!" murmured Jenny, with slightly arched eyebrows. "But what makes you think I want to have my way with you, as you so gently phrase it? I agree," here her voice openly mocked him, "but you are a very attractive man. But, perhaps, not quite to my taste, Mr. Jason Denning."

After all, there was little he could say. He just looked at her, staring at her, but any girl could be so annoyingly insolent. And yet... and yet...

His first impression of her when he had surprised her that day in her studio had been one

of reluctant admiration. And now he had that same feeling again. She was such a little thing to be standing there, holding her own, talking back at him! So pretty, too, in her own linen suit with the orange-brown hat pushed back off her forehead. There was a fine color with her deep cream hair. Her dark eyes, almost black, he admired. He had thought he admired her. Now, in a casual way, he felt there was something about her and unimpaired about blondes. Here he pulled himself up short. But he relaxed in self-estimation a man can at times. A girl's looks even if he dislikes her.

Then he knew where he stood. Jason remarked with a pleasantness that didn't deceive Jenny.

"Oh, certainly!" he returned. She crossed to the window. She stood with her back half turned to him staring out at the kitchen garden, at the rose garden, at the golden bay field. She thought how lovely and peaceful everything was outside. How very miserable and elastic everything was in her. And she expected, she found herself wishing with a queer intensity she didn't have to go on fighting with Jason Denning.

If only they could be friends! "I don't know," she said. "What a great friendship they might have had. The moment when he was in the wren through it like the softly pulsating motif in a symphony. But this man didn't want to be her friend. He had gone out of his way to hurt and humiliate her. Well, she would get her own back. But just for a moment she felt rather tired, very much alone. She had left her studio in New York to settle here where she hadn't a friend.

"At least," Jason admitted,

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The Fireplace Again to the Fore

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

In early Autumn the writer visited a "development" of suburban houses of moderate cost. In an interview with the builder, it was a surprise to hear that the one fixture on which owners and tenants alike now insisted was, of all things in this so-modern world, the old-fashioned fireplace!

"Yes," he remarked, "people say they must have a bit of flame to cheer them up in the house, even if it's not a proper fire at all, but just make-believe. I suppose it's being so bad in business and all that makes them want the home just as cheery as possible. Even if the house has a first-class heating plant, we put a fireplace in some room or other."

Which is proof, after all, that the fireplace is still the heart of the home, and the altar of central interest on which may be kept warmly burning fires of friendliness and hospitality. In this modern machine age, where the house is adequately equipped with an efficient heating plant, there would seem to be little use for such an outmoded heating fixture. But I take it that the chief lure of the fireplace is as "glamour," "background," and "atmosphere," rather than strict utility.

Nothing will ever take the place of flame and moving glow as a symbol of safety, food and social communion—true with us as much as it was true of our ancient savage ancestors. To countless people heat is understood only in terms of seeing, as the writer found out some years ago when on a visit to England. It was proposed to arrange a very modern demonstration kitchen in a large department store. Everything was planned and about to begin. "But where is the hearth, the domestic fire in this kitchen?" was asked by an executive. Alas, kitchens couldn't exist without some form of open and highly radiant and visible "fire," otherwise the Cook-General would refuse to work in it, no matter what the thermometer stated!

A similar instance concerned an American settled in London, who had installed a good pipless furnace, but who was forced to return to a separate "hearth" in

every room—not for heat, but for the comforting "warmth"—purely a visual matter!

So why go without a fireplace, even if you live in a flat? That is the question that many manufacturers are asking and solving, by putting on the market every type of hearth and grate, from a small, one-log, gas heated fixture to an entire colonial fireplace, big enough for Santa himself to descend. Indeed, the development of small fireplaces of modern types and their accessories is surprising.

These smaller units, frequently facsimile "logs," or baskets of glass "coals," are so naturalistic as to deceive the most alert. There are three main types of electrical fires—two of them non-heating producing illusion so clever as to make one imagine they have a genuine heat. These two are the log and the grate of coals—each only lighted from behind by a couple of 50-watt electric lamps. However, near the lamp bulbs are rotating wheels which continually flash light, not only making the flames greater brightness, giving the effect of the "flickering flame" of the true fire. These may be ob-

tained for as low a cost as \$5, and they cost to operate as much per hour as the average electric iron, not much for such cozy realism.

A third type is a combination of either logs or coals and actual heat—radiant heat, that is, which casts a warm glow into the room. These are higher in cost, about \$25 being a fair price for the fixture itself, and the operating cost, based on the watts used, which range from 500 to 3,000, on a standard 110 voltage. However, there is no installation cost, no expensive chimney and its annual cleaning, and no special meter required. The heating unit is generally a cylindrical coil placed out of sight. The 1,000-watt set will heat a room about 12 by 10 feet. If current costs about 6 cents the kilowatt hour, then the cost of using such a radiant fire-place for two hours on each evening of the week would be less than a dollar.

Gas may be used instead of electricity, and many attractive types of gas-heated "logs" may be selected and easily installed by the utility company selling such appliances. There are several small stoves which look more

like modern portable radiators, which also can be placed against the wall and used as a fireplace center by adding a fender, etc., in the front.

Indeed, one may give and bring good "atmosphere" into the room by using the sets or "fireplace companion," as it is called—the poker, tongs and small shovel which compose such sets. The Cape Cod lighter, quaint in shape and of decorative metal, will give further emphasis to the fireplace, even though it is not actually used. The bucket or hop of brass, the hearth broom, the touting fork and corn popper, if not the old-time handled warming pan, may each help in the decorative effect of even a small and mechanical "log."

The fireplace instantly centers the room, brings a grouping into its furniture that no other fixture accomplishes. By its placement between two windows, or in the center of a long living room wall, or whatever the room demands, the fireplace automatically brings other furniture into good and good harmony.

And a related suggestion to many a flat or apartment dweller

is even if you have only a gas log, arrange the living room on a fireplace plan. That is, bring the easy chairs and the sofa into a good, comfortable and friendly relation one with another so that pleasant conversation, taking tea and the other charming rites of hospitality may be enjoyed to the utmost.

But today one may buy an entire fireplace in one piece and set it up in a couple of hours! Such has been the demand for an over-mantel and the genuine fireplace frame that there may be had many complete fireplace frames in any type of "period" desired. Popular, of course, is the Colonial, with its white pilasters, turned urns or simple moldings.

Others are of pine, more suitable to the French provincial interior. You buy them complete, with fire basket, grate and fender. The price varies from \$50 and up, which is certainly inexpensive for a complete fireplace and its fittings. When installed carries the room into the appearance of a genuine "built-in," as if made a part of the room's construction. Every person has certain

Sweet Vengeance by Marylyn Tomson

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before. Yet, all the time I am fighting with him I wish I weren't! Sometimes I wish I wasn't so much I'm terrified I'll weaken! Then I say something specially mean just to prove to myself that I won't!"

She sighed and moved away from the window. The next moment she had given herself a quick mental shake. "What is the matter with you, Jennifer Prudence? The country air must be sending you cuckoo. You'll be inside the nearest asylum within the week! Anyhow, I guess you don't need worry about Mr. Jason Denning any longer. He's unlikely he'll ever get close enough for you to be able to speak to him again!"

This thought should have

cheered Jenny. But it didn't seem so.

Suddenly, unwittingly, she remembered Margaret Geddins' words. "Little girls who set out to revenge themselves upon young men sometimes come to grief. At least, that's what I've been told, old sweet!"

"What rot," she thought angrily. Besides her, she came to grief over Jason Denning? It wasn't as though he were anything in her young life. How could he be?

"Big boy, you needn't snap my head off," said Magda Trevelan. "Sorry," said Jason. "But..." But he didn't finish the sentence. Either he'd forgotten what he was going to say, which was unlikely, or else he felt he'd better not say it.

They were lounging side by side on striped deck chairs at

one end of a tennis court. A strenuous set was in progress, but, at the moment, neither was watching it. Their rackets lay crossed at their feet.

"You're about a century behind the time, Jason," she reminded him. "Nobody even a nice girl doesn't have to pretend to be innocent!"

Jason smiled and replied, "Nowadays girls are so afraid of being thought innocent they rush to the worst possible conclusions about everything."

Magda laughed. "I love you when you lecture about women, Jason! Seriously, though, you don't mean to tell me you view the affair between Robin and this girl as something quite noble and platonic? That, as a result of having shaken hands with her, perhaps just once given her a chaste caress on the cheek, he leaves all his money to her?"

My dear, the idea's so beautiful I could weep!"

"I haven't a notion whether the affair was platonic or not," Jason said ungrudgingly. "But after all we're not living in Puritan times." Where had he heard that, phrase before, and recently? "No need for all of you to treat the girl as though she were the plague!"

"Purging!" Magda smiled mockingly and laid a hand upon his arm. "I'll call on her tomorrow afternoon! I guess I can't vouch for mother, though. She's still somewhere at the end of the last century though she's panting hard in pursuit of this! She may catch it some day at the rate she's going. Even outstrip us all. But I don't think she will have caught up by tomorrow afternoon so I'd better go alone!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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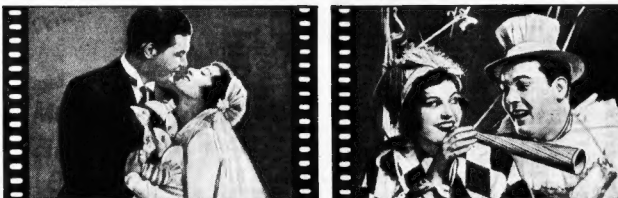
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2. When Helen Carter married Jack Childs she knew that hers was the best, the kindest, and the most perfect of all husbands. What a happy marriage theirs would be—forever!

3. And how happy it was—for two whole years. What fun they had! Jack was always so gay and full of life—so ready to "go places and do things" with his vivacious little wife...



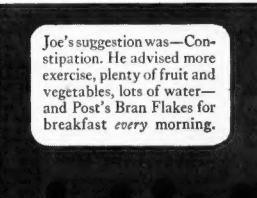
4. Then... the third year—and a strange change came over Jack. He protested more and more at "going out." Said he was tired. He grew irritable—and even cross at times...



5. Finally... the morning when Jack, disgruntled at some small thing, rose from the breakfast table, grabbed his hat—and, in rage, left Helen without a word of good-bye.



6. Then deep remorse. Suddenly, Jack realized the change that had come over him. Later he went to his club for a workout. "Joe," he asked the trainer, "what's wrong with me?"



Joe's suggestion was—Constipation. He advised more exercise, plenty of fruit and vegetables, lots of water—and Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast every morning.



7. And what a difference in Jack, a few weeks later! He feels fine now... and again Helen knows that hers is the best, the kindest and the most perfect of all husbands in all the world!

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Tested Peanut Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Peanut Wafers.
BEAT 2 egg whites until stiff and dry. Add gradually 1 cup powdered sugar, 1/4 cup pastry flour and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Fold in 1 cup coarsely chopped peanuts. Drop from tip of spoon on greased baking sheet 2 or 3 inches apart and bake in a rather hot oven for 10 minutes.

Peanut Butter Bread.
PREPARE home-made peanut butter. Mix and sift 8 cups flour, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt and 6 teaspoons baking powder. Work in 1/2 cup peanut butter or add 1 cup chopped peanuts. Add 1 beaten egg and 1 1/2 cups milk and mix well. Add 3 tablespoons melted butter. Turn into greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour.

Peanut Butter Sandwiches.
TO 1/4 cup peanut butter add 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons crystal corn syrup, 1/4 cup chopped raisins and 1/4 cup chopped figs. Moisten with a few drops lemon juice and mix well. Spread between thinly sliced graham bread.

Peanut Drop Cookies.
MELT 1/4 cup butter, add 1 cup light brown sugar, 2 eggs and 1/4 cup milk. Add 2 cups flour sifted with 1/4 teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Mix well and add 1 or 2 cups chopped peanuts. Drop from the tip of tablespoon on greased pan, an inch or two apart. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

Mock Roast.
HAVE ready 1 cup ground, parched peanuts, 2 cups well seasoned, rice mashed potato and 2 cups cooked lima beans. Arrange alternate layers in a buttered baking dish. Mix 1 well beaten egg with 1/4 cup milk, 1 1/4 teaspoons salt, a few grains paprika and 1 teaspoon onion juice. Pour over the top of the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. Serve with tomato, mushroom sauce.

Cheese Nut Loaf.
CHOP 1/2 cup peanuts and mix with 1 cup of creamed cottage cheese, 1 cup cold left-over oatmeal, 1 slightly beaten egg, 1 cup rich milk, 1 tablespoon butter, a few drops Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and 1 scant teaspoon of poultry seasoning. Mix thoroughly and turn into a buttered bread pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven until brown. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce.

Salts Peanuts.
BUY choice raw peanuts and remove shells. Blanch for 2 or 3 minutes in boiling water. Drain and remove skins. Dry thoroughly on a clean towel and keep in a dry place for several hours. Fry in deep, hot vegetable oil until delicately browned. An easy method is to place the nuts in a frying basket so that they can be shaken about and as they are browned. Turn out on unglazed paper and sprinkle with salt, using about 1/2 teaspoon to a pound of nuts.



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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Pearl Eggs, Toast, Bread Crisp Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup, Coffee, Luncheon Black Bean Soup, Tuna Fish a la King Rice, Fruit Cup, Dinner Roast Lamb, Potatoes Del Monte, Buttered Green Veg., Casseroles (Left-Overs), Mock Roast Tomato Sauce, Onions, Macaroni Salad, Pineapple Delihi.	Breakfast Fruit, Oatmeal, Scenes, Muffins, Luncheon Coffee, Baked Pappas, Idaho Potatoes or Spaghetti, Ginger Rolls, Tea, Dinner Tomato Juice Cakes, Roast Lamb, Potatoes Del Monte, Buttered Green Veg., Casseroles (Left-Overs), Mock Roast Tomato Sauce, Onions, Macaroni Salad, Pineapple Delihi.	Breakfast Fruit, Oatmeal, Scenes, Muffins, Luncheon Coffee, Baked Pappas, Idaho Potatoes or Spaghetti, Ginger Rolls, Tea, Dinner Tomato Juice Cakes, Roast Lamb, Potatoes Del Monte, Buttered Green Veg., Casseroles (Left-Overs), Mock Roast Tomato Sauce, Onions, Macaroni Salad, Pineapple Delihi.	Breakfast Fruit, Oatmeal, Scenes, Muffins, Luncheon Coffee, Baked Pappas, Idaho Potatoes or Spaghetti, Ginger Rolls, Tea, Dinner Tomato Juice Cakes, Roast Lamb, Potatoes Del Monte, Buttered Green Veg., Casseroles (Left-Overs), Mock Roast Tomato Sauce, Onions, Macaroni Salad, Pineapple Delihi.	Breakfast Fruit, Oatmeal, Scenes, Muffins, Luncheon Coffee, Baked Pappas, Idaho Potatoes or Spaghetti, Ginger Rolls, Tea, Dinner Tomato Juice Cakes, Roast Lamb, Potatoes Del Monte, Buttered Green Veg., Casseroles (Left-Overs), Mock Roast Tomato Sauce, Onions, Macaroni Salad, Pineapple Delihi.	Breakfast Fruit, Oatmeal, Scenes, Muffins, Luncheon Coffee, Baked Pappas, Idaho Potatoes or Spaghetti, Ginger Rolls, Tea, Dinner Tomato Juice Cakes, Roast Lamb, Potatoes Del Monte, Buttered Green Veg., Casseroles (Left-Overs), Mock Roast Tomato Sauce, Onions, Macaroni Salad, Pineapple Delihi.	Breakfast Fruit, Oatmeal, Scenes, Muffins, Luncheon Coffee, Baked Pappas, Idaho Potatoes or Spaghetti, Ginger Rolls, Tea, Dinner Tomato Juice Cakes, Roast Lamb, Potatoes Del Monte, Buttered Green Veg., Casseroles (Left-Overs), Mock Roast Tomato Sauce, Onions, Macaroni Salad, Pineapple Delihi.

American Weekly Patterns



AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL (7717). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require of 39-inch material 2 1/2 yards for skirt, belt, cuffs and lower portions of the waist, and 1 1/4 yards for the sleeves and upper portions of the waist.

A DISTINCTIVE STYLE (7717). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4 yards of 35-inch material, together with 1/2 yard of contrasting material for collar, belt and tie ends.

A NEAT MORNING FROCK (7706). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 if made as in the large view will require 4 1/4 yards of 35-inch material and 1/2 yard of contrasting material. If made without the peplum and without contrast it will require four and one-sixth yards.

A Dainty FROCK FOR A TINY TOT (7729). Designed in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size with long sleeves will require 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. With short sleeves, 1 1/4 yards will be required.

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